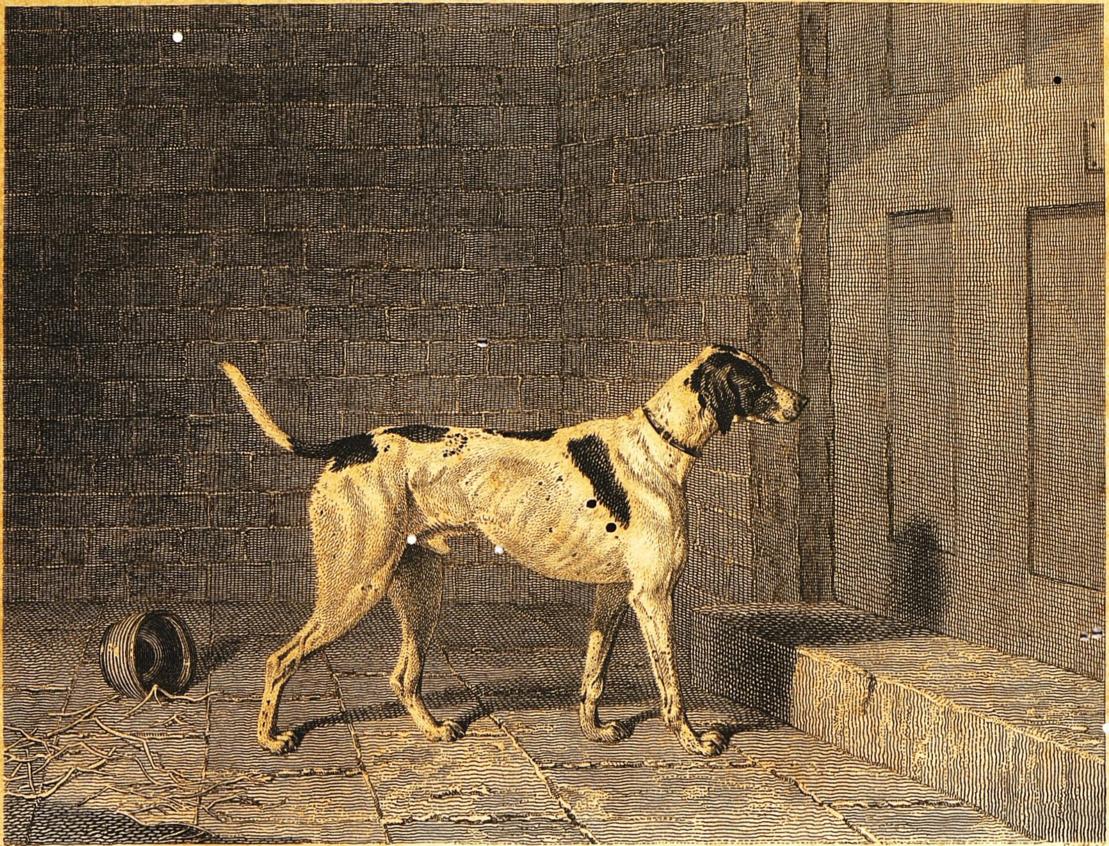

A. Cooper Pinx.t Scott sc.

BASTO,

The property of Mildred Esq.r

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVIII. JUNE, 1811. *No. CCXXV.*

BASTO.

An Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Painting, the production of Mr. Cooper.

BASTO is the property of —— Mildred, Esq. of Walton-upon-Thames; was got by Mr. Rydes' Basto, out of a famous bitch, called Romp. Basto is a very staunch young dog, and none of the canine race know their business better; he has a qualification which most others have not, viz. he brings his game from water as well as land.

BETTINGS.

BETTINGS at Tattersall's, for the St. Leger at Doncaster:

4 to 1 agst Magic, by Sorcerer.
6 to 1 agst Squib, by Sorcerer.
10 to 1 agst Philippic, by Young Woodpecker.
10 to 1 agst Golden Locks.
14 to 1 agst X. Y. Z. by Haphazard.
14 to 1 agst Mr. Peirse's Sister to Lisette.
14 to 1 agst Legerdemain, by Shuttle.
16 to 1 agst Cottager, by Hambletonian.
100 to 5 agst Cross Bow.
100 to 5 agst Camerton, by Hambletonian.
100 to 5 agst Scamp, by Bobtail.
100 to 4 agst Bacchus.
100 to 4 agst Mr. Scarisbrick's c. by Young Woodpecker.

The field and Magic, against the following six, viz. Philippic, Legerdemain, Cottager, Golden Locks, Sister to Lisette, and Squib.

BREED OF HORSES.

IT has hitherto been held that the encouragement given to horse racing, leads to the laudable purpose of improving the breed of horses; against this position, however, we have the following singular arguments:—

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

SOME of the newspapers, *knowing* in the affairs of Newmarket, inform us, that, in consequence of the late poisoning of certain horses, our principal Nobility are determined to withdraw from the Turf, by which a serious interruption will be given to the *breed of horses.*

If this be true to any considerable extent, there can be no doubt that the said breed of racers will suffer in proportion; but it may be worth while to consider, whether the injury to the Public at large will be such as to create much alarm. Two questions, indeed, present themselves:—Is this information correct?—Do our Nobility seriously intend to abandon the Turf? And, if they do, what are the probable consequences to the nation at large?

For my own part, I am disposed to think the information a little

P premature.

premature. Detestable as the late trick of poisoning was, I do not consider this cause as adequate to such an effect. We have often heard of tricks of this kind, such as giving a horse a pail of water at a *seasonable* time, or introducing a rusty nail into his foot; but, although these were productive of some degree of ill-humour, we never heard that fewer horses were entered for the subsequent plates. The truth, I apprehend, is, that the business of the Turf is so connected with tricks of this decription, that the man who would take umbrage at them, and be wise enough to give up the amusement on account of them, must have a great deal to *unlearn*, before he can be considered as a true sportsman.

I will, however, take for granted that the criminality committed may have all the effect attributed to it, and that the breed of race-horses, so long the pride and boast of our country, may really be injured; and I would then ask, what consequences are likely to ensue to the nation at large. For this purpose, as it is a question which it would ill become an obscure individual like myself to answer, I would propose a *Committee* to inquire into the matter. *Committees of Inquiry* have lately been very much in request, and the Public has been edified by many voluminous *Reports*, which are now lying quietly on our shelves. Perhaps the fate of the Committee I now propose may be similar, but the experiment is worth trying; and, in order to give some idea of the information derivable from their labours, I beg leave to add a series of *Queries* to be taken into consideration; first premising, however, that as, in all cases in the Courts of Law, where horses are concerned, the article of oath is visibly *depreciated*, I would have the witnesses examined on their *word*, or their *honour*, which would, in my humble opinion, be perfectly equivalent.

The subjects, then, for the consideration of this Committee, might be these:—

When were horse-races introduced into this country, and for what purposes?

Does the breed of horses, fit for the turf, necessarily depend on the quantity of money betted by their owners?

Does the said breed necessarily depend on the quantity of money betted by persons who have horses of their own? and how far are their bets concerned with the prosperity of Newmarket?

Is there no possibility of promoting the breed of horses, as of other animals, by suitable rewards, without the addition of betting?

Is the breed of race-horses necessarily connected with the breed of money in the pockets of their owners, or of the spectators?

Is gambling absolutely and incontestibly necessary to the spiritual and temporal interests of the frequenters of races? and cannot the breed of horses be promoted without increasing the breed of gamesters?

Superior as a race-horse appears in external figure, is there any essential difference, as to the purposes of gambling, between him and a pack of cards, or a pair of dice?

When was it discovered that it is absolutely necessary that a certain number of young Nobility and Gentry should be annually ruined on the turf, under the pretence of promoting a fine breed of horses? By whom was this discovery made? and

and was the discoverer suitably rewarded by the gratitude of his country?

What has been the *damage* done to the personal or hereditary estates of our nobility and gentry, for the last fifty years, on the various race-grounds?

What has been the *benefit* derived to the said nobility and gentry, during the same space of time?—How does the contrast appear? and what is the balance of profit or loss?

Of two objects of great national importance, the breed of race-horses, or the morals and independence of our nobility and gentry, which is the *primary*, and which is the *secondary?*

Is there any very pleasant train of reflections in the mind of a man who has improved the breed of horses at the expence of his character, his family, and his fortune? State those reflections, and how far consolatory.

Are there any advantages from an association with gamblers, jockies, pickpockets, and highwaymen, which may not be derived from company of a more reputable kind? What are those advantages? and how long have they been considered under that denomination?

If the turf should be abandoned for a time, or for ever, would it be possible to furnish the patrons of it with any honest employment?

As soon, Mr. Editor, as the Committee I have proposed shall have *reported* on those subjects, the public, I trust, will have received very satisfactory information; if not, I shall be ready to suggest such other subjects as shall convince you that, in some respects,

I am

A KNOWING ONE.

DISPUTES
BETWEEN GENTLEMEN,
On Points of Honour, &c. &c.

Governor Bligh *v.* Colonel Johnstone.

IT will be perceived, by referring to another part of this Magazine, that a Court-Martial has been held upon Lieutenant-Col. Johnstone, of the 102d regiment, at the instance of Governor Bligh, for exciting a mutiny in the Colony of New South Wales, of which settlement the complainant was Governor.

As the circumstance of the Court-Martial being established on this occasion, renders the dispute between these gentlemen an affair of honour, we have no hesitation in offering some remarks upon the subject, although the immediate cause is not entirely personal.

Of all the questions which are now agitated publicly, there are none that include a greater portion of national interest, than those in which military insubordination form a primary feature. It were a fruitless delicacy to withhold our opinions upon this head, when every thinking man in this empire and its dependencies is seriously assured, that our national existence, much less our individual security, is materially interwoven in this serious epocha, with the due maintenance of a prescribed duty, as well in the *governors* as in the *governed!*

Assuming this as an indisputable axiom, in morals as well as policy, we shall proceed to express our deep regret at this event, inasmuch as it works to the injury of that legislative compact, which was intended to bind the high and the low, the mighty and the weak, in one common chain of mutual dependency.—Obedience is necessary in the affairs of private life, to con-

duct them with harmony; but in governmental matters it is indispensable; and the only sure mode of establishing an obedience in spirit, (as any other species of popular obedience is illusory) is to make the state of the humbler part as comfortable as possible—to make no inroads upon right and usage but those for which the direst necessity can alone apologise; and so sweetly to blend the edicts of authority with the powers of tolerance in the many, that we may have no probable cause to apprehend the result, nor the other a reason to complain of the ordinance. After such an administration of power, the Magistrate may close his local exertions in confident felicity, nor exclaim with the miserable *King John*,

"Oh! when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done!"

When any Governor ventures to exercise an act of rigorous prohibition, it is his bounden duty to compare the unborn *cause* with the *consequences*, before he promulgates the *veto*, and makes the error irremediable: if he doth not act thus from knowledge, he is unequal to his station, and should be removed; and if he doth not act thus, from a principle of despotism he is a villain and should be punished, as we will re-assert what we have previously declared under graver circumstances, viz. that the strength of a government is ultimately dependent upon the justice and mercy with which it may be directed.—There is no truth more self-evident, than that all men are endowed by the Creator with certain unalienable rights, and that, among these, the preservation of life and liberty are the foremost; and that to secure those rights, governments were first instituted among men, deriving all their political power from the consent of the governed; and that whenever any government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to remonstrate constitutionally against the misuse, and endeavour to regenerate the system, for the happiness of their Sovereign, as well as for their own.

It will be understood, by these imperfect, and general remarks, that we are not entirely satisfied with the conduct of one of the parties, which are implicated in this dispute: and that we necessarily refrain from being more circumstantial at present, in deference to that august personage before whom the verdict of the Court is now submitted for approval.

W.

RACES APPOINTED IN 1811.

LANCASTER	*June* 25
Nantwich	25
Bibury	25
Peterborough	25
Grimsby	27
Ipswich	*July* 2
Bath	3
Stamford	3
Ludlow	4
Newmarket	8
Preston	9
Egremont	9
Bridgenorth	11
Irvine (Bogside Course)	16
Swaffham	16
Chelmsford	23
Swansea	24

Knutsford

Knutsford	*July* 30
Oxford	*August* 6
Taunton	6
Nottingham	6
Huntingdon	6
Newcastle-under-Line	7
Barnet	7
Derby	13
Worcester	13
York August Meeting	19
Egham	27
Hereford	27
Bodmin	29
Warwick	*Sept.* 3
Ayr	4
Litchfield	10
Northampton	11
Tré-Madock	11
Kingscote	17
Beccles	17
Lincoln	18
Leicester	18
Newmarket First October Meeting	30

WHIP, OR FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

WE collect from the Newspapers, (the only source of information open to us on this subject) that the Whip, or Four-in-Hand-Club, intended a grand *set-out* on Monday, the 17th instant, to the Castle, at Richmond; but the rooms being engaged on that day for the Prince Regent and Officers, after a Review on Hounslow Heath, the arrangements could not then take place; on the Friday following, however, the Club mustered in Mortimer-street, to proceed to the same Inn, where, besides refreshments, a ball and supper were to be given. About one o'clock, six of them pulled up before the door of Mr. Buxton, in Mortimer-street, and started in the following order:—

Mr. Buxton, Mr. Webster,
Capt. Agar, Mr. Rogers,
Mr. Spicer, Mr. Onslow.

The set-out was complete, and each barouche took up ladies at Mr. Buxton's door. Having dashed round Cavendish-square, they proceeded down Wigmore street on the way to *rendezvous.*

A great number of genteel folks attended the start, and the windows were crowded by elegant women. Lord Portarlington, and several other members, drove from different parts, and fell into rank on the road.

Some vulgar attempts at wit have made their appearance in the public papers relative to the meeting; their grossness is altogether founded on invention, and no ways suitable to the characters named, or for recital in the *Sporting Magazine.*

Unconnected with the above, we have, nevertheless, heard of an incident not wholly irrelevant to the subject:—A Mr. F——, in making an effort to turn his barouche and four in a narrow part of Windsor, at the time the Queen's coach was coming down the street from the Castle, in which were her Majesty, two of the Princesses, and the Duke of York; the Queen's horses unavoidably ran against the leaders of the barouche. Some confusion and considerable alarm to the Royal Family ensued, before her Majesty's carriage could pass. What follows we give merely as the current report of Windsor. No apology having been offered by Mr. F——, the Duke of York is said to have sent, and pointed out the necessity of such a step on the part of Mr. F.: however, this was peremptorily refused by Mr. F. who insisted,

insisted, that *he was strictly right on every principle of true coachmanship*, and therefore, instead of apologising for what he deemed no offence, he felt himself entitled to require, that her Majesty's *coachman should be discharged for his unskilful conduct* in the exercise of his profession.—Rumour goes on to state, that Lord St. H——'s, the relation of Mr. F——, endeavoured to dissuade him from so extraordinary a determination; but that at length he was prevailed upon to allow a friend to make that *amende honourable* for him, which he resolutely persisted to the last he would not make himself!

INSTANCES OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

(From Mr. Lawrence's Philosophical and Practical Treatise on Horses, and on the moral Duties of Man towards the Brute Creation.

THE general blind and stupid adherence to custom makes it absolutely necessary for a writer on this subject, who desires to render effectual service to the cause of humanity, to enter into particular and disgusting details, to point out individual and specific acts of cruelty, such as are, or have been in his time, most prevalent. It is too true that the imagination of a man of much sensibility is perpetually haunted with horrid ideas. Forty-seven years have now elapsed, since I saw an infernal hag, the housekeeper of a boarding-school, cause a miserable rat to be roasted alive, over a slow fire, in the presence of all the boys; and this, I was then informed by his son, was the constant practice of a certain postmaster in the neighbourhood. The doleful cries of the tortured animal are, at this instant, as fresh in my ears as at the moment I heard them; and the impression then made on my young mind was so forcible, that no time will ever be able to eradicate it, or heal the wounds inflicted upon my feelings.

A few years afterwards, I heard the following anecdote of a parson (the fact had happened perhaps twenty years before), who, no doubt, for the sake of the faith, would have stretched a fellow-creature upon the rack, and even have drawn the cords himself, should the executioner be too fine-mouthed; as the Chancellor did, in the case of poor Ann Askew, in King Harry's days. The worthy priest had lost a chicken, and soon after taking a poor hawk, the supposed offender, he put the animal to the torture of a slow and lingering death, for doing his duty by following the instinct of nature. The poor bird was turned adrift, with a label affixed to his neck, containing these quaint and inhuman lines:—

> The Parson of Pentlow he did this,
> For killing of one poor chicken of his;
> He put out his eyes, and sew'd up his bum,
> And so let him fly—till the day of his doom.

One would suppose that wretches like these sought to level their impotent revenge against the God of Nature himself!

We are happily become too enlightened to perpetrate such wholesale acts of barbarity, as that recorded of the infamous Lord Raymond Venous, who burned alive thirty of his finest horses by way of a frolic; but there have been too many similar instances among us, upon a smaller scale, from motives of religious superstition. It is well known, that the brutish

idea

idea of the possibility of witchcraft still exists among thousands in this country, with the detestable concomitant, that burning the animal alive, which is the supposed subject of it, is the only mode of detecting the witch. Numerous instances of this cruel and miraculous folly, are upon record, many are within my own knowledge; but the most remarkable, and indeed astonishing, is that related by Doctor Priestley, because the man who perpetrated the horrid deed, was it seems somewhat above the common level, and a man, in other respects, of a humane character. I have discoursed with many persons of late, where prejudices on this head were unconquerable, and should by no means be surprised to hear of a repetition of similar tragedies. Surely on such an occurrence, the civil magistrate ought to interfere; and I must beg leave to propose this, and indeed the subject in general of humanity, to the brute creation, as a proper standing topic for our clergy. They can never be more nobly, or more usefully employed, than in cleansing the vulgar mind from these barbarous prejudices, and in laying there a sure foundation for universal benevolence.

The example of the great is ever contagious, and it would be a generous pride in them to consider what immense benefits they have it in their power to confer on human society, by exhibiting such as are worthy of imitation. But what must the subjects of a certain King have thought, when they saw him amusing himself, by causing a poor bullock to be repeatedly precipitated down a cataract, until its bones were broken; and then paying the worth of the beast for his princely amusement? Could there be any hope, that a man with such a heart, or such a head, would respect the feelings, or the lives of his fellow men? It must not be concealed, that we have ill-examples of this kind, among our people of rank and consequence, the far greater part of which, I am convinced, proceed merely from want of due consideration, and from a sudden intemperate flow of the animal spirits. I have been informed (but I declined making any enquiry to ascertain the fact, and am willing to hope it may have been groundless) that a certain gallant Admiral, in bringing up the news of a celebrated victory, left several poor post-horses on the road, lingering in the agonies of death, the victims of his too eager haste. A late noble author tells us, with the most perfect *sang froid*, or rather a matter of bravery and exultation, of the horses which his father killed, in carrying the news of a monarch's death to his successor. Alas! whether in circumstances of good or evil fortune, these poor animals seem destined to be alike the victims of our wantonness or our necessity. The same absurd and unprofitable cruelties prevail at elections, and upon almost all public occasions. They may, with the utmost truth, be styled unprofitable, and that to all parties, putting humanity out of the question; for the traveller, whose giddy and irrational aim is more haste than nature will allow, labours to defeat his own purpose; and he who tires or kills his horses assuredly loses time, gaining nothing by way of recompense, but the unenviable reputation of having, in a mean, base, and cowardly manner, tortured out the life of a generous animal, which had struggled to the last sob of expiring nature to serve him! I should also apprehend

apprehend, that if our owners of post-horses would take the trouble to calculate, they would discover, that the total loss, on crippling and rendering nearly unserviceable, of three or four horses, must detract rather too much from the profits, even of the most busy season. Fair calculation, on another score, would prove to them, that to buy poor, worn out, low-priced horses, under the horrid idea of "whipping them sound," setting aside the iniquity and disgrace of the practice, is by no means the most profitable method of doing their business. It is true, that when poverty may be alledged, the plea must be admitted as legitimate. It must then be inscribed in the melancholy catalogue of unavoidable evils.

(To be continued.)

RACING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

Newmarket July Meeting, 1811.

TUESDAY, Mr. Bird's bay colt, by Boaster, against Mr. Curtis's bay filly, by Alonzo, 8st. each. Two-year-Olds' Course, 50gs. h.ft.

Wednesday, Duke of Grafton's Nimrod, 8st. 7lb. against Mr. Wilson's f. by Alexander the Great, 6st. 10lb. Two-year-Olds' Course, 50gs.

First October Meeting.

Monday, Mr. Wilson's Wizard, 8st. 10lb. against Lord G. H. Cavendish's Middlethorpe, 8st. 3lb. Two middle miles of B. C. 200gs.

Tuesday, Mr. Shakespear's Tumbler, 8st. 7lb. against Major Wilson's c. Bolter, by Walton, out of Erebus's dam, 6st. 7lb. Across the Flat, 100gs. h. ft.

Lord Kinnaird's The Dandy, 8st. 8lb. against Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston, 8st. 4lb. Ab. M. 200gs.

Thursday, Duke of Rutland's Sorcerer, 8st. 6lb. against Mr. Charlton's Arquebuzade, 7st. 10lb. Ditch-in, 200gs. h. ft.

Same day, Mr. Andrew's Morel, 8st. 5lb. against Lord G. H. Cavendish's Eccleston, 7st. 11lb. Ab. M. 200gs. h. ft.

Second October Meeting.

Tuesday, Mr. Shakespear's Tumbler, 8st. 7lb. against Sir J. Shelley's Phantom, 6st. 7lb. Two-year-Olds' Course, 200gs.

Saturday, Sir J. Shelley's Phantom against Colonel Udney's Truffle, brother to Morel, 8st. 4lb. each. Across the Flat, 200gs. h.ft.

Doncaster Meeting.

First Day, Lord Darlington's Trophonius, against Sir W. Gerard's Corduroy, 8st. 5lb. each. Two miles, 100gs. h. ft.

Houghton Meeting.

Monday, Lord F. Bentinck's Asmodeus, against Major Wilson's Erebus, 8st. 7lb. each. Two-year-Olds' Course, 100gs. h. ft.

Mr. Andrew's Trophonius, 8st. 7lb. against the Duke of Grafton's Web, 8st. 4lb. Ditch-in, 200gs.

Lord Lowther's Marmion, agst Mr. Shakespear's Chester, 8st. 5lb. each. Two-year-Olds' Course, 100gs.

Wednesday, Mr. Shakespear's Jolter, against Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Phantom, by Walton, out of Julia, 8st. 5lb. each. Across the Flat, 200gs.

Thursday, Mr. Payne's Mountebank, against Lord Darlington's Timour, 8st. 4lb. each. Across the Flat, 100gs.

ON

ON THE ART OF SWIMMING.*

AT this season of the year, it cannot be unamusing to the younger part of our readers, particularly such as pleasure or other motives may lead to visit the sea coast, to give some account of the art of swimming, which is so wholesome and salutary as an exercise, that we feel some surprise it is not regularly taught at schools. The art of swimming is so ancient, that we have no account of its origin in the history of any nation, nor are there any nations so barbarous, but that swimming is known and practised among them, and that in greater perfection than among civilised people. It is probable, therefore, that the art, though not absolutely natural, will always be acquired by people in a savage state from imitating the brute animals, most of whom swim naturally. Indeed, so much does this appear to be the case, that very expert swimmers have recommended it to those who wished to learn, to imitate the motions of the frog, in moving through the element of water.

The art of swimming depends entirely upon keeping the body in a proper balance, and this is easily and almost insensibly acquired.—The great obstacle is the natural dread which people have of being drowned, and this it is impossible to overcome by any thing but accustoming ourselves to go into the water, if it is but little; and innumerable cases arise entirely from the terror above mentioned, as will appear from the following observations by Dr. Franklin:

"1st. That though the legs, arms, and head of a human body, being solid parts, are specifically heavier than fresh water, yet the trunk, particularly the upper part, from its hollowness, is so much lighter than water, that the whole of the body taken together, is too light to sink wholly under water, but some part will remain above, until the lungs become filled with water, which happens from drawing water into them instead of air, when a person in the fright attempts breathing while the mouth and nostrils are under water.

"2nd. That the legs and arms are specifically lighter than salt water, and will be supported by it; so that the human body would not sink in salt water though the lungs were filled as above, but from the greater specific gravity of the head.

"3d. That therefore a person throwing himself on his back in salt water, and extending his arms, may easily lie so as to keep his mouth and nostrils free from breathing; and by a small motion of his hands may prevent turning, if he should perceive any tendency to it.

"4th. That in fresh water, if any man throws himself on his back near the surface, he cannot continue long in that situation, but by a proper action of the hands on the water. If he uses no such action, the legs and the lower parts of the body will gradually sink till he comes into an upright position, in which he will continue suspended, the hollow of the breast keeping the head uppermost.

"5th. But if, in this erect position, the head is kept upright above the shoulders, as when we stand

* See further observations on the art of swimming, in a letter from Dr. Franklin to M. Buborg, the French Translator of his works, in answer to some enquiries of the latter on the subject, in our 18th Vol. page 135.

on

on the ground, the immersion will, by the weight of that part of the head that is out of the water, reach above the mouth and nostrils, perhaps a little above the eyes; so that a man cannot long remain suspended in the water with his head in that position.

"6th. The body continues suspended as before, and upright, if the head is leaned quite back, so that the face looks upward; all the back part of the head being then under water, and its weight consequently in a great measure supported by it, the face will remain above water quite free for breathing, will rise an inch higher every inspiration, and sink as much every expiration, but never so low that the water may come over the mouth.

"7th. If therefore a person unacquainted with swimming, and falling accidentally into water, could have presence of mind sufficient to avoid all struggling and plunging, and to let the body take this natural position, he might long continue safe from drowning, till perhaps help would come, for as to the clothes, their additional weight while immersed is very inconsiderable, the water supporting it, though when he comes out of the water, he would find them very heavy indeed."

The best method of learning to swim is as follows:

The person must walk into water so deep that it will reach the breast. He is then to lie down gently on the belly, keeping the head and neck perfectly upright, the breast advancing forward, the thorax inflated, and the back bent; then withdrawing the legs from the bottom, and stretching them out, strike the arms forward in unison with the legs. Swimming on the back is somewhat similar to that on the belly, with this difference, that the legs are chiefly employed to move the body forwards, and the arms are often unemployed, for the progressive motion is derived from the movement of the legs. In diving after the plunge, a person uses the same action as in swimming, only the head is bent downwards, and whenever he chuses to return to his former position, he has nothing to do but bend back his head, and he will immediately return to the surface.

It is very common for novices in the art of swimming to make use of corks or bladders, to assist in keeping the body above water. Some have utterly condemned the use of these. Dr. Franklin, however, allows they may be of service for supporting the body while one is learning what is called the stroke, or that manner of drawing in and striking out the hands and feet that is necessary to produce progressive motion. "But," says he, "you will be no swimmer till you can place confidence in the power of the water to support you: I would therefore advise the acquiring of that confidence in the first place, especially as I have known several who by a little of the practice necessary for that purpose, have insensibly acquired the stroke taught in a manner by nature.

"The practice I mean is this: choosing a place where the water deepens gradually, walk coolly into it, till it is up to your breast, then turn round your face to the shore, and throw an egg into the water between you and the shore; it will sink to the bottom, and be easily seen there, if the water is clear. It must lie in the water that you cannot reach it, but by diving for it. To encourage yourself in order to

de

do this, reflect that your progress will be from deeper to shallower water; and that at any time you may, by bringing your legs under you, and standing on the bottom, raise your head far above the water; then plunge under it, your eyes open, throwing yourself towards the egg, and endeavouring by the action of your hands and feet against the water, to get forward till within reach of it. In this attempt you will find that the water buoys you up against your inclination; that it is not so easy a thing as you imagined; that you cannot but by active force get down to the egg. Thus you feel the power of the water to support you, and learn to confide in that power, while your endeavours to overcome it and reach the egg teach you the manner of acting on the water with your hands and feet; which action is afterwards used in swimming to support your head higher above water, or to go forward through it."—Your's, &c.

J. J. B.

June 5, 1811.

FETE AT HARLESDON GREEN.

HARLESDON Green Fair was held May the 23d, with its wonted splendour.—Poney racing, jumping in sacks, and some matches at single-stick, delighted the numerous and elegant assemblage.

An inner garment of virgin purity, caused emulous contention among the damsels of the village. " Quick at meals, quick at work," says the old proverb; to encourage the latter quality, six rolls, well steeped in treacle, were suspended to a string, and a prize declared for the lad who, with hands tied behind, should first devour one.—This trial of jaws proved interesting and instructive; it was soon obvious that Slobber and Greedy Bob had distanced their competitors; their powers seemed so balanced, that practical men were exceedingly divided as to the result.—Scientific persons, of cool judgment, however, remarked, that though Slobber had the most capacious mouth, Bob had a neat and very peculiar and effective mode of eating and bolting; their calculations were correct, and a mighty lump of gingerbread rewarded Bob.

A jingling match afforded much satisfaction to the lovers of sweet sound. A professional gentleman appeared in the centre of the ring with two bells. Six amateurs, blindfolded, appeared afraid and incapable of moving; however, animated by a strain *à duo*, they evinced the exhilirating effect of, and their attachment to music, by rapidly following the sound at risk of head and limb. It must be confessed that the artist shewed perfect knowledge of his science; his *capricios* were rapidly executed, and his *adagios* had a most solemn and impressive effect.

On Whit-Monday, some excellent play at the antient pastime of backsword, was exhibited at Apperton, Middlesex, for a prize of a purse of guineas.—Bully Chapman, who has long crowed the country round, on stepping into the ring to dispute the prize, was so alarmed at seeing oppose him a Berkshire man, who had rattled his bones at the Hyde fair on May day, that he shewed the white feather, and sculked away, amidst the hisses of the ring, at his refusing the challenge.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE RUSSIAN BREED OF HORSES.

From Sir R. Wilson's "Brief Remarks on the Character and Composition of the Russian Army."

THE Russian Cavalry (says Sir R. W.) is certainly the best mounted of any upon the continent; and, as English horses never can serve abroad in *English condition*, it is the best mounted in Europe.—Hungary and Turkey may perhaps produce horses as well adapted for the hussar and irregular services, but the Russian horses are matchless for an union of size, strength, activity, and hardiness; whilst formed with the bulk of the British cart-horse, they have so much blood as never to be coarse, and withall are so supple as naturally to adapt themselves to the manege, and receive the highest degree of dressing.—They are chiefly bred in the plains of the Don and the Volga; but as the native breed of those countries, and of the surrounding nations, is of inferior size, it is not improbable that they are descendants of the celebrated Cappadocian breed, introduced into Europe by the Romans, and (which is remarkable) into Nubia by a present of three hundred from the Emperor Constantine to one of the African Princes; where they seem to have preserved all their character and powers, whilst the influence of European climate or food has somewhat degenerated their stature. Bruce, when in Nubia, first noticed this gigantic and peculiar species, but the statement increased the charges of invention against this much-wronged traveller; and Bruce, not recollecting the Roman present, dated their introduction at the time of the Saracen conquests: which evidence not being supported by any collateral evidence, was too vague for such a remarkable exception to the race of Arabia, Egypt, and Abyssinia; but it was reserved for the period of the Egyptian expedition to vindicate Bruce by the corroboration of the fact of the existence of such a breed of horses.

After the battle of Eyleau, when the imperial cavalry of the guards were ordered from St. Petersburgh, to join the army in Poland, the men were sent in waggons as far as Riga, and the horses accompanied at the rate of fifty miles each day. From thence they were ridden and proceeded to their station at the rate of thirty-five miles each day: after a march of seven hundred miles, so conducted, they appeared not only in excellent comparative order, but in such high condition, that the regular garrisons of any capital in Europe could not present a finer cavalry parade.

During Beningzen's retreat, and from that period to the disappearance of the snow in June, no cavalry ever encountered greater hardships.

For above six months in the severity of the extremest Poland winter, they were always at the piquet post, without any shelter; and for three months or more, they had no other sustenance than what the old thatch, stripped from the roofs of cottages, supplied.

(Sir Robert Wilson gives the following note, in proof of Bruce's veracity:)—

When Lord Hutchinson arrived in the Vizir's camp, amongst other horses presented by Ibrahim Bey, was a horse from the same country (Nubia), which was above seventeen hands high, of a jet black, with a mould, an appearance of blood,

blood, and a freedom of action, sufficiently extraordinary to characterise a phenomenon, if Ibrahim had not assured Lord Hutchinson that the breed was *general* in the district of Dongola, in Nubia.

Bruce thus describes the horse: at Halfaria and Gerri begins that noble race of horses justly celebrated all over the world; and they are a distinct animal from the Arabian horse. What figure the Nubian breed would make in point of fleetness is very doubtful, their make being so entirely different from that of the Arabian; but if beautiful and symmetrical parts, great size and strength, the most agile, nervous, and elastic movements, great endurance of fatigue, docility of temper, and seeming attachment to man, beyond any other domestic animal, can promise any thing for a stallion, the Nubian is, above all comparison, the most eligible in the world.

I could not refrain from attempting a drawing of one of them, which I since, and but very lately, mislaid. It was a horse of Shekh Adelan, which, with some difficulty, I had liberty to draw. It was not quite four years old, and was full sixteen hands high. This horse's name was El Fudda, the meaning of which I will not pretend to explain. Shekh Adelan, who rode him armed, as he fought, with his coat of mail and war-saddle, iron-chained bridle, brass cheek-plates, front-plate, breast-plate, large broad-sword and battle axe, did not weigh less upon the horse than twenty-six stone, horseman's weight. This horse kneeled to receive his master, armed as he was, when he mounted; and he kneeled to let him dismount, armed likewise, so that no advantage could be taken of him in those helpless times when a man is obliged to arm and disarm himself piece by piece on horseback.

ON THE DIFFERENT SPECIES OF MANIA.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

THE candid reception which the account of the different species of Phobia* has met with from your numerous readers, has induced me to direct my inquiries to another subject connected with medicine. By the assistance of Dr. Cullen's Nosology, I perceive that madness is divided into two genera. The one is called *mania,* which our author defines to be "*universal madness,*" the other is called *melancholia,* which the Doctor defines to be "partial madness;" this partial madness includes six species. But in this number the learned professor is certainly too limited, for if false judgment, or injudicious conduct upon any subject, constitutes madness, I am persuaded that that disease is the most frequent that occurs in the whole nomenclature of medicine. To supply the defects of Dr. Cullen's Nosology, I have set down a list of the different species of partial-insanity, which have occurred to me in the course of my observations on mankind.

I shall define madness in the present instance, to be *a want of perception, or an undue perception of truth, duty, or interest.* I shall begin by naming some of those species

* See Sporting Magazine for March last, page 282.

cies

cies of madness which are at present most prevalent.

1. The *Horse-mania.* This disease prevails much in England; a race, a carriage, or a saddle-horse, is often an object of greater attachment with persons who are afflicted with this disorder than a wife or children. I once spent an evening with a company of these *maniacal* gentlemen soon after I had read the Roman History, and unfortunately, from not being interested in their conversation, fell into a reverie. A debate about the pedigree of a race-horse having been started, one of the disputants appealed to me by mistake, and said, "Say Tom, was not Jupiter the sire of Emperor?"—"Which of the Roman Emperors do you mean, Sir?" said I. "Poh you fool," said my companion, "I mean Col. B—s bay horse Emperor."

2. The *Military-mania.* This disease has been for some years epidemic all over Europe. Young men are most afflicted with it, but we now and then meet with it, in an old soldier, as in Uncle Toby, in Tristram Shandy. It is impossible to understand a conversation with these gentlemen without the aid of a military dictionary. Counterscarps, morasses, fosses, glacis, ramparts, redoubts, abbatis, &c. form the beginning, middle, and end of every sentence. They remember nothing in history but the detail of sieges and battles, and they consider men as only made to carry musquets. The adventurers in the holy wars, before the reformation, were all infected with this species of madness.

3. The *Duelling-mania.* There are some men whose ideas of honour amount to madness; hence every attack upon their character, whether true or false, can be expiated only by a duel. The madness of this passion appears in this, that a good character stands in no need of a pistol or sword to defend it, nor can a bad character be supported by a whole park of artillery.

4. The *Hunting-mania.* A madman in England was ordered by his physician to use the cold bath. In returning one day from the bath, he stopped to converse with a servant who was following his master to the place appointed for a fox-chase. The madman asked the servant how much it cost his master to maintain his horses and hounds? The servant replied 500l. a year. And how much does he sell his foxes for after he catches them? "For nothing at all," answered the servant. "For nothing?" said the madman with astonishment; "I wish my physician could come across him, he would soon order him to use the cold bath."

5. The *Gaming-mania.* This disorder is very common. It seizes gentlemen in some instances before breakfast in the morning, and continues, with only short intervals for meals, till midnight. It affects some people all the night as well as the day, and on Sundays as well as the week-days. Its operation is not confined to the fire-side, it appears on open plains, the public roads, at court, at change, at elections, &c. &c. It is impossible for two gentlemen afflicted with this madness to meet on horseback without laying a wager upon the gaits, whether of running, pacing, or trotting their respective horses. This madness is of a destructive tendency, and often conducts persons afflicted with it to poverty, imprisonment, and an ignominious death.

6. The

6. The *Machine-mania.* This species includes all those maniacs who ruined themselves by castle-building, whether the objects of their schemes have been perpetual motion, or princely fortunes to be raised by a sudden exertion of the mechanical powers.

7. The *Alchemical-mania.* The objects with the persons afflicted with this disorder are, the *art* of converting base metals into gold, and an *elixir*, the property of which shall be to restore the duration of human life to its antediluvian extent. This species of madness has lessened with this forty years, owing to the discoveries which have been made in the principles of general science, particularly of chemistry.

8. The *Love-mania.* All marriages, without a visible or probable means of subsistence, are founded in madness. All premature attachments between the sexes, which obstruct the pursuits of business, are likewise the offspring of the love mania. The expences of a family, like a blistering plaster between the shoulders, never fail of curing this species of madness.

9. The *Pride-mania.* Every man who values himself upon his birth, titles, and wealth, more than upon merit, is affected with this madness. It is a most loathsome disorder. I have heard of a nostrum which seldom fails of curing it, and that is to treat it with contempt. Mordecai made Haman miserable in the sunshine of a court, only by refusing to pull off his hat to him.

10. The *Pleasure-mania.* An attachment to balls, to the stage, or to feeding, dancing, and card-parties, or to any other amusement, to the exclusion of business or the injury of fortune and health, may justly be considered as a species of madness.

To these species, I might add—The *Musical; Poetical;* and *Mathematical manias.*

But these are so common and well-known, that it will not be necessary to describe them.

Upon a review of this essay, it will appear that almost every man is mad, according to Linnæus, upon some subject, or, to quote a higher authority, that "madness is in their hearts while they live, and after that they go to the dead."

Your's, &c.

J. J. B.

MAJOR CAMPBELL AND CAPTAIN BOYD.

It must still be in the recollection of most of our readers, that a duel was fought in Ireland in the year 1807, between Major Alexander Campbell and Captain Alexander Boyd, both of the 21st regiment of foot, in consequence of a dispute at the regimental mess, when the latter gentleman was unfortunately killed, and for which Major Campbell was brought to trial, on an indictment for murder, at the Armagh Assizes, in August, 1808, found guilty, and executed.

In our Magazine for the month of August in the latter year, we inserted the circumstances which led to the fatal meeting, as they were given in evidence on the trial, and that these circumstances appeared to weigh very heavily on Major Campbell was sufficiently apparent from the awful sentence of the law having been enforced; it was therefore with much real pleasure we lately took up a pamphlet, published under the authority of his

his widow, entitled "A Vindication of the Memory of the late Major Alexander Campbell, of the 21st Regiment of Foot; containing the only full and particular account of the circumstances preceding and attending his unfortunate duel with Captain Alexander Boyd, of the same regiment;" in which the events that preceded the duel assume a complexion far different to that which they bore on the trial, and, in our humble opinion, tend to exculpate the Major from the imputation of having acted dishonourably on the occasion.

The pamphlet states (p.4.) "Very recently after the duel, and while he entertained no doubt of an acquittal, Major Campbell drew up, with his own hand, a full narrative of the whole transaction—the original of which now lies before the writer of these pages; and, on the morning of his death, he made a verbal, but most solemn statement of them to the pious and intelligent clergyman who had attended him from the time of his condemnation, by whom it was recently after committed to writing, along with the whole particulars of his exemplary deportment in prison."

After briefly narrating the evidence on the trial, the following succinct detail of the *real* circumstances is given, founded on the joint authorities above alluded to :—

"It is time now to state how the fact actually stood. What took place at the mess-table *was not the cause of the duel:* and neither the time of the encounter, nor the want of seconds, can be imputed to any violence on the part of Major Campbell.

"What is now to be stated does not represent Captain Boyd in a very amiable light: and, it is feared, may give pain to some of those dear relations who still lament his loss. The friends of Major Campbell feel this most acutely: and if any thing less were at stake than the honour of that unfortunate gentleman would submit to any thing rather than give one additional pang to these innocent and afflicted friends, on whom his hand has already inflicted so heavy a misfortune. But though Captain Boyd was slain by the hand of Major Campbell, it should never be forgotten that he was slain in a combat, in which he, too, aimed at the life of his opponent; and when both have been laid in untimely graves by the issue of that fatal encounter, there can be no reason why the blame of the meeting should not be impartially divided between them;—why the memory of the one should be loaded with imputations that were in reality more applicable to the other; or why a false feeling of delicacy or generosity to *the first* victim, should prevent justice being done to *the second,* and the most unfortunate.

"Captain Boyd died, indeed, in consequence of his quarrel with Major Campbell; but Major Campbell died, too, in consequence of that quarrel; and while the one fell honourably, amidst the sympathy of his friends and his enemies, the other was condemned to meet death in its most dreadful, because its most ignominious form; and to encounter a fate which necessarily left his conduct exposed to the insults of the malignant, and the suspicions even of the charitable. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, for those who cherish his memory, to state publicly whatever may counteract the effects of such a destiny; and, in doing so, they have great consolation in thinking, that

that their object may be completely attained, without fastening to Captain Boyd any such stain as that which they will thus be enabled to remove from the reputation of his opponent.

"Captain Boyd was a man of the strictest honour, and the most unquestioned courage and integrity. Major Campbell gave him this character a few hours before his death: and heaven forbid that his surviving friends should wish to detract one atom from it! But, though Captain Boyd was a man of honour, he was a man of an impetuous and violent temper. Having raised himself, by his own merit, to the rank which he held, he was more punctiliously jealous perhaps of his personal consideration, than one to whom such a station had long been familiar; and had probably been less accustomed to govern and repress his feelings, than those who had been always subjected to the restraints of refined society. From these, or from other causes, it is notorious that he had been recently engaged in several affairs that threatened to have ended in bloodshed; and though his worth and honour were universally acknowledged, his temper was generally considered as unsafe and impetuous. This is what his friends admitted during his life; and this is all that his enemies, if he left any, will be enabled to say, by the disclosure of these circumstances, which will guard the memory of Major Campbell from the imputation of dishonour, and justify his children in saying, that they are not sprung from a murderer.

"The reader will recollect, that it is already in evidence, and has never been disputed, that Captain Boyd was the warmest of the two in the original dispute in the messroom, and that he uttered the words, 'I know better than you, Major Campbell, and you may take that as you think proper,'—in a tone and manner so irritating, that it was the opinion of the officers present, that it was impossible for Major Campbell to pass them over, consistently with his feelings as an officer and a gentleman; though they thought, no doubt, that if a candid explanation had taken place, no violent proceedings would have ensued. Now it has hitherto been supposed, that Major Campbell sought no explanation; that he conceived the measure of insult to be already so full, as to admit of no expiation but by blood; and that, upon that provocation alone, he challenged and forced on his antagonist to a hasty and private meeting. The very reverse of all these suppositions, however, is the truth. Major Campbell left the room offended; but after having recollected himself for a few minutes, he returned to it *on purpose to ask a candid and amicable explanation*, in presence of all the gentlemen who had heard the discussion. In his way he met Captain Boyd alone, and did, in the gentlest and most conciliatory manner, propose to make up the matter, by an explanation of the most reasonable nature; Captain Boyd *rejected the proposal with insulting violence*, and ended by insinuating the most intolerable doubts of the Major's courage, and declaring that he was ready *to meet him that minute with slugs in a saw-pit*; Major Campbell then went home for his arms, and, before he rejoined Captain Boyd, he called on a brother officer, to whom he told the outline of the story, and *engaged* him

him to be his second, in case Captain Boyd should choose to have seconds—of which, from the words he had used, he entertained some doubts. He then sent to Captain Boyd, who continued in the same untractable and insulting humour—and, both parties being heated with the wine they had drank, and irritated by the words that had passed between them, they rashly took up the pistols, went each to the corner of the room, and fired together on a signal.

"This is a faithful outline of the story; but it is necessary to fill it up, and to produce the authorities upon which it is given.

"When Major Campbell left the mess-room, he certainly felt extremely irritated; and if he had then met any friend, whom he could have trusted with such a message, would probably have sent one of no amicable nature to Captain Boyd. After walking about, however, for about ten minutes by himself, his passion began to subside, and having a real esteem for Captain Boyd's character, and being aware that there was no serious cause of quarrel between them, he reflected, that it was very absurd and unbecoming, that they, who were the two oldest officers, and the only married men who were present, should set an example of violence to the younger officers of the corps; and concluding, that Captain Boyd, upon a little reflection, must see things in the same light, he resolved to go back, to state to him, in an amicable manner, that he had hurt his feelings by the manner in which he had spoken to him, which was too extraordinary to be passed over; but that he was sure he *could not have intended* to hurt him, and should be satisfied, if he would merely *say so* before the gentlemen who were present.

"He went back to the mess-room accordingly, with the intention of coming to this explanation; and as it is admitted, on all hands, that *some* explanation was necessary, so it is conceived, that no one can possibly think, that any objection could be made to *that* which he intended to propose.

"By the time that Major Campbell had come to the mess-room, however, the party had broke up; and he met Captain Boyd on the staircase, coming down alone. He asked him to return with him; and they went into a small room adjoining to that where they had dined. Major Campbell then said, 'Boyd, you made use of language this afternoon, which has hurt my feelings much; I cannot pass it over without some explanation; but, *if you will merely declare before the gentlemen who were present, that you did not mean to insult me, or to hurt my feelings, I shall be satisfied.*'

"To this most moderate and reasonable proposal, Captain Boyd answered, with a fierce and haughty eagerness, '*that he would do no such thing,* and that Major Campbell might do as he thought proper.' The Major, surprised and irritated at this, began to remonstrate with him on the unreasonableness of such conduct; and happening to speak in rather a loud tone of voice, Captain Boyd interrupted him by saying, in the most insulting and contemptuous manner—'I am not to be bullied, Sir—you need not speak so loud—*unless, indeed, you wish to be overheard.*' This insinuation was not to be misunderstood; and it fired the Major so much, that he instantly, and almost instinctively, put his

hand

hand on his sword, not observing that Captain Boyd had left his in the mess-room. Upon this Captain Boyd immediately said, in the same sneering and insulting tone, 'Do you mean to *assassinate* me, Sir? none *but a coward* would draw upon an unarmed man.'—Major Campbell, stung to the soul by this observation, instantly pulled off his hat, bowed down to the ground, and said, 'I ask your pardon, Captain Boyd; I did not imagine that such an idea could have come into the mind of a gentleman; I had not the slightest suspicion that you were without your sword; but you shall have the choice of your weapons yourself.' Boyd replied with some warmth, 'I do not care a damn what the weapons are:—*By God, Sir, I am your man with slugs in a saw-pit, in a minute, if you choose it.*' Major Campbell answered, that 'he thought he should not have to wait much more than ten for him,' and was proceeding to inquire when and where it would be agreeable for them to meet, when Captain Boyd bolted out of the room, with such violence, that though the Major called twice to him, from the top of the stair, he would neither stop nor answer him.

"The Major felt now that he had no choice how to act; and went home in considerable agitation to his lodgings. He found his wife and children at tea.—Mrs. Campbell observed that he looked disturbed, and insisted on knowing the cause. He endeavoured to evade her questions, and merely said, there had been a little disagreement at the mess, but that boys would be boys. His pistols were in a box under a table in the room, and he lingered a while, watching for an opportunity to carry them off, without alarming Mrs. Campbell. During this time he drank one dish of tea, without sitting down; and in a minute or two, Mrs. Campbell, hearing one of their infant children cry in an adjoining room, stepped out to look after it, and the Major seized that moment to snatch up the box, which he gave to his servant to carry to the lodgings of Lieutenant Hall, and instantly followed him.

"Lieutenant Hall was not in his room when the Major arrived, but he came in just as he was opening the box; upon which the Major explained to him, in a few words, the outrageous conduct of Captain Boyd, and said that he was afraid he must meet him immediately. He then added, that 'Boyd was the most *terrible* man he had ever met with; and that he was in such a furious humour, *that he did not know whether he would allow seconds to be present, but that if he did, he,* (the Major) *trusted that Mr. Hall would have no objection to be his.*' Lieutenant Hall expressed his concern at what had happened; and most readily agreed to act as second on the occasion.

"The ground of Major Campbell's supposition that Captain Boyd might not wish to have seconds, was the expression he had used, when the Major inadvertently raised his voice at their former meeting, implying, that he had done so, through a wish that some of their brother officers might overhear him, and interfere to put an end to the quarrel. Now, as seconds could not be applied to, without having the privilege of such interference, Major Campbell naturally enough inferred, that if Captain

Boyd

Boyd thought it cowardly to afford any such opportunity for accommodation, he might wish to exclude those who would, in all probability, attempt at least to effect it. Of all that had passed between them, indeed, this most insulting and disgraceful insinuation had rankled most deeply in his breast; and though he was, for his own part, most laudably anxious that both parties might have the assistance of their friends, he was determined not to expose himself again to any such unworthy insinuations, as he had already encountered, by proposing, or appearing to wish for their attendance. Upon this point, he was resolved that Captain Boyd should judge and determine *for both* of them.

"Under the impulse of this feeling, he declined sending Lieutenant Hall with any message to the Captain; and when he sent the mess-waiter, he, for the same reason, desired him, if he found Captain Boyd in company, not to mention his name, but to say merely that a *gentleman* wished to see him in the mess-room. In a very few minutes Captain Boyd came on this summons; when the Major explained distinctly to him, that the reason of his not sending his name was, that he (Captain Boyd) might have no pretext for again insinuating that he wished to give other persons an opportunity of interfering. Captain Boyd made no answer to this, but said, in an angry tone, that 'he had not got pistols yet, and that he expected not to have been called upon till the morning.' Major Campbell answered, that 'when they last parted, he thought he would scarcely have allowed him a minute, and had been afraid that he had made him wait too long already; and that as to pistols, he was quite welcome to his choice of those on the table.' Captain Boyd then asked if they were to settle the matter without friends? to which Major Campbell answered, '*that is exactly as you please*, Captain Boyd. I thank God, I never was in a situation where I could not get a friend, and I have no doubt, that you will readily find one too, *if you wish for it*.' Captain Boyd instantly replied, 'that it was all one to him whether they had friends or not; and that he was ready for him when he pleased.' Major Campbell, still governing himself by the principle which has been already explained, merely bowed to this observation; and perceiving Captain Boyd about to take up one of the pistols, observed to him that they had been *locked* to prevent accidents, and that if he pleased he would unlock them, and then he might have his choice. Captain Boyd answered, in a hot and disobliging manner, 'that he understood fire-arms as well as him, or any one, and did not need his instructions.' The Major then politely disclaimed any intention to offend; and merely reminded him how very unpleasant it might be, if, when both using *his* pistols, his (the Major's) should go off, while the other, by not being unlocked, remained useless in the hand of his opponent. He then took the checks off the pistols, and laid them down; when Captain Boyd immediately took up one, and the Major having taken the other, it was deliberately agreed, that, as the room was small, they should take their stations in the opposite corners, and fire together on a signal. The Major then asked which of them should give the word, to which Captain Boyd, persisting in his violent and irritating

tating manner to the end, answered, 'I do not care a damn who gives it; you may give it if you please.' After they had taken their places, both cocked their pistols; and the Major having asked Captain Boyd 'if he was ready?' and the other having answered that '*he was*,' he then said 'fire!' and both pistols went off, almost at the same instant, Captain Boyd's shot passing close by Major Campbell's head, and the Major's unfortunately taking effect in the Captain's body. The Captain immediately said that he was wounded, when the Major went up to him, and said he was very sorry for it. He then gave him his arm, to help him to a seat; and upon Captain Boyd saying he was afraid he was dangerously hurt, the Major said 'God forbid.' At this moment several persons came into the room; and the expressions were used, and the events took place, that have been already quoted from the evidence given on the trial.

"Such is the story which the friends of Major Campbell now give to the world, on the pledge of his honour, and with the confirmation of his dying confession. Such as it has now been given, it was detailed repeatedly, both before and after his condemnation, to his afflicted wife, to his honourable friends, General Graham Stirling; Hugh Fergusson, Esq. barrack-master at Ayr; Primrose Kennedy, Esq. Ayr; and William Bowie, Esq. his father-in-law; all of whom are ready to testify, that every particular which has now been narrated, was deliberately and uniformly stated to them, by Major Campbell, both in his days of hope, and in his hours of resignation; without passion, resentment, or eagerness of self-justification."

The writer of the pamphlet, anticipating the question, Why these facts were not adduced on the trial? says, "By far the most material of these circumstances were such as could not be put in evidence at the trial; and were equally unknown, therefore, to the jury, as they have hitherto been to the public. The greater part of them relate to what passed in private between Major Campbell and the less-unfortunate gentleman who fell by his hand; and some which are corroborated by the testimony of third parties, were still of such a description as could not be received in evidence, according to the rules of that law by which the trial was conducted."

And in another place, "The law, in laying down rules of eternal and universal application, has most wisely limited the kinds of evidence which it has permitted to be brought forward; and, as little reliance could *usually* be placed on the exculpatory averments of persons under trial for crimes, it has excluded unprofitable falsehood, by declaring peremptorily that no such declarations shall be received. With that rule Major Campbell complied, with the most scrupulous magnanimity; and, though he might have stated to the Jury what has now been narrated, and although this was one of the few cases, in which the mere averment of an arraigned prisoner might very probably have outweighed the inferences which might be drawn from the legal evidence, he disdained to utter any thing on such an occasion which he might be told could not be attended to; and left the case to the Jury, upon that imperfect view of the facts which the law of evidence permitted to be laid before them."

ON

ON THE PRESENT RAGE FOR CHARIOTEERING.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

IN an age when the practice of driving is so universally decried, but at the same time so universally adopted, it is strange that no champions and no advocates have arisen to defend it; and it is the more wonderful, when we consider, that it is encouraged by the partiality of the *cognoscenti*; people, who from their name at least, but still more from their occupations, we should expect to be its most learned and its most strenuous defenders. But it is not so—and we find these people, whose interest it is to promote, are the most backward to support a cause, which, though so generally stigmatised, might be proved to be no less ancient than ornamental. If we enquire into the antiquity of it, we shall find that even the great Homer himself sung its honours, and commemorated its praises; that Virgil, following the example of his great poetical predecessor, has entered with warmth into the glories of the chariot-races of the Trojans. Homer in particular celebrates the beauty of the horses, and the skill and abilities of the drivers. That very elegant and very popular author, Horace, in enumerating the different occupations of different men, has said,

"Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum,
Collegisse juvat."

And then immediately afterwards, as if to raise the fame and glory of the art of driving to the highest pitch, he adds,

Palmaq nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos.

And, indeed, who will not confess, that the aspiring coachman on his box is not far more *exalted* than the humble mortal, who delights to walk?

To point out the various passages in the Roman authors which shew that that people were acquainted with the most *useful*, and most *honourable* art of driving, would be an endless task—but it would prove, I am sufficiently convinced, the antiquity of the case; I must therefore contend, that the practice of driving, so far from being disgraceful, is honourable and manly. It is a glorious *emulation* between the ancients and the moderns, which shall excel in the science, whether a Stenelus or a Buxton shall be victor.—And I flatter myself, that if one of the ancient charioteers could make a second appearance upon earth, and display his abilities in Hyde park, he would cut but a poor figure before so numerous and so dashing an assembly of the heroes of the turf.

AMIGA.

Eton, May 28, 1811.

COURT MARTIAL

On Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone, of the 102d Regiment.

ON Wednesday, the 4th instant, the trial of Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone, of the 102d, or New South Wales Regiment, for mutiny and usurpation, terminated at Chelsea College, after thirteen days' anxious investigation.

The Court consisted of the following members:—

The Hon. C. M. Sutton, Esq. Judge-Advocate;

Lieutenant-General W. Keppel, President;

Lieut.-Gen. Sir D. Baird.

Lieut.-

Lieut.-Gen. Milner.
Lieut.-Gen. Finch.
Lieut.-Gen. D. M'Donald.
Lieut.-Gen. W. Dowdeswell.
Major Gen. Paget.
Major-Gen. Kerr.
Colonel Burnet.
Colonel Tyers.
Colonel Anson.
Colonel O'Laughlin.
Colonel F. W. Butler.
Lieut.-Col. J. Lord Proby.
Lieut.-Col. Patterson.

The charge against the prisoner was as follows—

"That he, Lieutenant-Colonel George Johnstone, did, on the 26th of January, 1808, at Sidney, in the Colony of New South Wales, begin, excite, and join in a mutiny, by putting himself at the head of the New South Wales corps, then under his command, doing duty in the Colony, and seizing, and causing to be seized and arrested, and imprisoning and causing to be imprisoned by means of the abovementioned military force, the person of William Bligh, Esq. then Captain-General and Governor in Chief of the territory of New South Wales."

The evidence on this trial is so voluminous, that we are only able to give the following epitome of the proceedings:——The prosecutor, Captain William Bligh, was in the year 1806 appointed by his Majesty to be Governor over New South Wales, and all its dependencies. On his arrival at Sidney, according to his statement, he found the Colony in a very wretched and distressed state, in consequence of the recent overflow of the river Derwent, and likewise from the excessive use of spirituous liquors, which was indulged in to excess by all ranks of the people, and more particularly by the Officers of the 102d Regiment, quartered in the settlement, who were greatly interested in the barter and traffic of that commodity to the people. At this period a settler, named M'Arthur, who had formerly been an Officer of the 102d regiment, and who was represented by the Governor to be discontented, in consequence of his restrictions upon the barter of spirits, was accused before the Criminal Court of the Colony, which was composed of six of the Officers of the 102d, and the Judge-Advocate of the settlement, with seditious practices, in having refused to obey a warrant of the Judge-Advocate issued against him, for violating one of the Colonial Regulations.

At that trial Mr. M'Arthur objected to the Judge-Advocate presiding, in consequence of his having a personal quarrel with him, and more particularly he objected to his presence, upon the established principles of British law, that no man could be prosecutor, judge, and juror in his own case. The Officers of the Court took the part of Mr. M'Arthur, and refused to allow the Judge-Advocate to preside. Governor Bligh, on hearing of this proceeding, summoned a bench of Magistrates to take the matter into consideration; Colonel Johnstone, the then Commanding Officer at head-quarters, was sent for from his house, four miles from Sydney, to be present at this meeting, but, in consequence of a fall he received from his chaise, he sent word to the Governor that he could not attend. The Magistrate, after a mature deliberation, came to a determination, at the suggestion of the Governor, to summon the six Officers to appear the next morning at Government-house, to answer for their conduct, and it was

was resolved to accuse them with treasonable practices, and according to the answers they should give on their examination, either to commit them to prison, or dispose of them otherwise, according to the nature of circumstances. In the evening of this day (20th of January) whilst the Governor was sitting over his wine with one of the Magistrates, he received information that the whole of the 102d regiment, with Colonel Johnstone at their head, were marching up to Government-house, with band playing and colours flying. The Governor, apprehending some serious attack upon his person, retired up stairs to the room where his papers were, in order to secure the most important, and to adopt such means to escape as presented themselves. The soldiers in the mean time surrounded the house, and a party entered in search of the Governor. After an hour and a half they found his Excellency concealed under a servant's bed in a small room at the top of the house; they immediately secured him and brought him down stairs to Colonel Johnstone. The Colonel expressed his sorrow at being obliged to take such a step, but declared that he did it in pursuance of the wishes of the whole Colony, who were discontented at the administration of his Excellency, and had presented him a requisition to that effect. The Governor was then ordered to remain in close confinement in Government-house, with a guard of six soldiers over his person, in which situation he was kept for a whole year, at the end of which period he got possession of his own ship Porpoise, in which he remained cruizing in the South Sea until the arrival of Governor M'Quarry from England, who had orders to reinstate him in his authority for four-and-twenty hours, and to declare the acts of his opponents null and void. As soon as the Governor was put in arrest, all the Civil Officers on the establishment were removed from their situations, and Colonel Johnstone appointed others in their stead, until his Majesty's pleasure should be known.

On the part of Colonel Johnstone, the fact of his having put the Governor in arrest was avowed, but alledged to be justified upon the ground of absolute necessity, in order to save his Majesty's Colony of New South Wales from actual destruction. To support this justification, a considerable number of witnesses were called, consisting chiefly of the Officers of the 102d regiment, some of the Civil Establishment, and a few of the most respectable settlers of the Colony. The object of their testimony was to shew, that Governor Bligh, by a series of the most tyrannical and oppressive measures, had reduced the Colony to a state of discontent and dissatisfaction approaching to absolute insurrection; that by depriving the people of their houses, lands, and other property, without any pretence; that by interfering with the proceedings of the Courts of Justice; that by ordering persons who had been acquitted of crimes alledged against them before the Criminal Court, to be tried again and convicted by a Bench of Magistrates upon the very same charges; and that by employing the most abandoned and disgraceful characters to be his counsellors and intimates, he had spread consternation and dismay amongst the inhabitants: that by his language towards almost every individual, high and low, with whom he had any communication,

munication, he had rendered himself the object of execration and unpopularity.

All the witnesses denied the Governor's allegation, respecting the barter of spirits, and they declared that his restrictions in that respect formed no part of that discontent which prevailed through the Colony. In this state of things, when the report reached the people, that the Governor had determined to put the six Officers of the Criminal Court under arrest, upon a charge of treason, they burst forth into a phrenzy of discontent and dissatisfaction; considering, as they did, the Criminal Court to be the only barrier left between them and the arbitrary conduct of the Governor. Colonel Johnstone, who was informed of Governor Bligh's determination in respect of the Criminal Court, came to Sydney, about five in the afternoon, although his arm was in a sling, and he was otherwise disabled in body. The moment he arrived at the barracks, the people assembled round him in crowds, demanding that he would immediately put the Governor under arrest, and declaring that if he did not, an insurrection would break out in the Colony, and that every drop of blood spilt on the occasion would be at his door. A requisition to this effect was drawn up by Mr. M'Arthur, and signed by several of the most respectable settlers and Civil Officers, and presented to Colonel Johnstone. Seeing, with concern, the impending danger that appeared to surround him, and firmly believing that an insurrection would break out, and that many innocent lives would be destroyed on the occasion, and that possibly the Governor's life would be also sacrificed, he determined, from motives of zeal for the public welfare, and a sense of what he conceived to be his duty, to adopt the measures so strongly urged by the inhabitants; and accordingly he put his Excellency under arrest. After an able reply on the part of Governor Bligh, the whole of the proceedings closed. The verdict of the Court cannot, of course, be known, until it receives the sanction of the Prince Regent.

ANCIENT PASTIMES OF THE CITIZENS OF LONDON.

WE have before us a quarto volume, just published, entitled, "The History, Topography, and Antiquities of the parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the county of Middlesex; including biographical sketches of the most eminent and remarkable persons who have been born, or have resided there. Illustrated by seventeen engravings. By John Nelson."

In looking over this volume, we find many amusing anecdotes, &c. some of which have been noticed in former Magazines, but not so amply detailed as by the writer of the present work. For our immediate use we have extracted the following, from an article headed,

PASTIMES OF THE CITIZENS, &c.

Islington, as it has been before observed, appears to have been for many centuries a place resorted to by the citizens of London. Fitzstephen, who flourished in the reign of Henry the Second, speaks as to circumstances in its immediate neighbourhood in connexion with the city, and which must have existed (perhaps for many ages) before he wrote his book. "There are," says he, "on the North part of London, principal foun- tains

tains of water, sweet, wholesome, and clear, streaming forth among the glistering pebble stones: in this number, Holy-well, Clerkenwell, and St. Clement's-well, are of most note, and frequented above the rest, when scholars, and the youth of the city, take the air abroad in the summer evenings."

The amusements of the citizens, as described by this antient writer, were confined to the Northern vicinity of the capital; but it appears, that at this period it was not unusual for wrestling matches, shooting, casting the stone, and other pastimes between the citizens and the villagers, to be held at places farther distant from the city than either of the situations above mentioned.

Fitzstephen informs us, that in he afternoon the youth of the city were accustomed to go out *into the fields*, with their teachers, to play at ball; the scholars of every school having their particular balls; while "the antient and wealthy citizens came on horseback to see these youngsters contending at their sport:" that exercises on horseback, to qualify them for military pursuits, were used every Friday afternoon in Lent; and that on these occasions the sons of the citizens came out of the city in great numbers. He likewise adds, that the citizens took delight in birds, such as *sparrow-hawks, goss-hawks,* &c. and in dogs, for following the sports of the field.

Stow, speaking of the fields in the Northern environs of London, describes them as "commodious for the citizens therein to walke, shoote, and otherwise to recreate and refresh their dulled spirits, in the sweet and wholesome ayre." He also mentions, that it was customary of old time for the officers of the city, "namely, the sheriffs, the porters of the King's beame or weigh-house, and other of the citie," to be challengers of all men in the suburbs, to wrestle, shoot the standard, broad arrow, and flight, for games, at Clerkenwell, and in Finsbury fields.

But among the variety of pastimes used by the citizens in antient times, none seems to have been more attended to than the practice of shooting with the long bow; and the fields extending from the city wall to the vicinity of Islington, Hoxton, and Shoreditch, and known by the name of *Finsbury fields,* were kept in common for that purpose: a right which appears to have been from time immemorial enjoyed by the Londoners in the exercise of their several amusements.

The encouragement of this pastime was a measure of the first political importance, and of which most of our Kings subsequent to the Norman Conquest seemed fully aware, as is evident, from the statutes that were repeatedly enacted for the regulation of the exercise.

In 1365, Edward the Third commanded the Sheriffs of London to make proclamation, that "every one of the said city, strong in body, at leisure times, on holydays, should use in their recreations bows and arrows, or pellets, or bolts, and learn and exercise the art of shooting, forbidding all and singular in our behalf, that they do not after any manner apply themselves to the throwing of stones, hand-ball, foot-ball, bandy-ball, lambuck, or cock fighting, nor such other like vain plays which have no profit in them."

In 1392, an Act passed to oblige servants

servants to shoot with bows and arrows on holydays and Sundays; and of such consequence was excellence in this art esteemed, that Sir John Fortescue, an eminent lawyer in the reign of Henry VI. again and again declares, "that the mighte of the realme of Englande standyth upon archers."

During the reign of Henry VIII. (who had from early life practised the manly and athletic exercises, particularly that of the bow) several statutes were made for the promotion of archery. He granted, in the 29th year of his reign, a patent to Sir Christopher Morris, Master of the Ordnance, and others, that they should be overseers of the science of artillery, "to wit, long bowes, cross bowes, and hand gonnes;" with liberty for them and their fraternity to exercise shooting at all manner of marks and butts, and at the game of the popinjay, and other games, as at fowl and fowls, as well in the city and suburbs, and in all other places. In this patent there was one remarkable passage, viz. that in case any person was shot or slain in these sports by an arrow shot by any of these archers, he was not to be sued nor molested, if he had, immediately before he shot, used the word *Fast.*

Arthur, the elder brother of Henry, was particularly fond of this exercise; insomuch, that an expert bowman was styled Prince Arthur. In the third year of this reign, every father was directed to provide a bow and two arrows for his son when he should be seven years old; also, in the sixth year of the same reign, all persons, except the Clergy and Judges, were obliged to shoot at butts.—Anecdotes of Archery, p. 45. In an old ballad, written in praise of the Princess Elizabeth, wife of Henry VII. his Majesty is described as employed in a princely amusement.

"See where he *shooteth* at the *buttes*, and with him Lordes three."

Harl. MSS. 367.

In a splendid shooting match at Windsor, before the King, when the exercise was nearly over, his Majesty, observing one of his guard, named Barlo, preparing to shoot, said to him, "Beat them all, and thou shalt be Duke of Archers." Barlo drew his bow, executed the King's command, and received the promised reward, being created *Duke of Shoreditch,* that being the place of his residence. Several others of the most expert marksmen were in like manner honoured with titles, as *Marquis of Islington,* the *Earl of Pancridge,* &c. taken from those villages where they resided. The title of Duke of Shoreditch descended for several generations with the Captainship of the London Archers.

It is noted by Hall, in his Chronicle, about 6 Henry VIII. that "before this time the inhabitants of the towns about London, as Iseldon, Hoxton, Shoresditch, and others, had so inclosed the common fields with hedges and ditches, that neither the young men of the city might shoote, nor the antient persons walke for their pleasures in those fields, but that either their bowes and arrowes were taken away or broken, or the honest persons arrested or indighted, saying, that no Londoner ought to go out of the city but in the highwayes.

"This saying so grieved the Londoners, that suddainly this yeere a great number of the city assembled themselves in a morning; and a *turner, in a foole's coate,* came

crying thorow the city, *shovels and spades, shovels and spades.* So many of the people followed, that it was wonder to behold; and within a short space all the hedges about the city were cast down, and the ditches filled up, and every thing made plaine, such was the diligence of these workmen." The rioters having thus effected their purpose, returned quietly to their respective homes; "after which," says Hall, "those fields were never hedged."—Stow's Survey, p. 476.—In 1544, Roger Ascham wrote an excellent treatise, intituled, "Toxophilus, the Schole or Partitions of Shooting; contayned in two bookes; pleasaunt for all gentlemen and yeomen of Englande for theyr pastyme to reade, and profitable for theyr use to folowe, both in warre and peace." In this work the great excellence of archery above other sports, and its utility in a political point of view, are ably discussed, while many of the fashionable amusements of the day are justly condemned.

In, 1583, there was a splendid shooting match in Smithfield, under the direction of the *Duke of Shoreditch,* Captain of the London archers, with his several officers, the Marquisses of Clerkenwell, Islington, Hoxton, and Shacklewell, the Earl of Pancras, &c.

In the "Remembrance of the worthy Show and Shooting, by the Duke of Shoreditch and his associates, upon Tuesday the 17th of September, 1583, by W. M." (London, 12mo. 1682), we are told, that "the train passed to Shoreditch church, and then turned down into *Hogsden fields,* into a faire large green pasture ground of goodly compass, where a tent was set up for the Duke and the chief citizens." This exercise lasted two days. There were assembled archers to the amount of 3,000, each having a sash, a long bow, and four arrows. On the evening of the second day, the victors were led off the field, mounted on horses, and attended by two hundred persons, each bearing a lighted torch in his hand.

Paul Hentzner, in his journey to England, in the reign of Elizabeth, observes, "the English make great use of bows and arrows to this day in their exercises." It appears, however, that the practice was at this period on the decline; for, about the year 1570, the bowyers, fletchers, stringers, and arrow-head-makers, petitioned the Lord Treasurer, as they had the Queen before that time, concerning their *decayed condition,* by reason of the discontinuance of the use of archery, and toleration of unlawful games.

In the reign of James I. archery seems to have fallen much into disuse. Stow laments, that it had become "almost clean left off and forsaken; for," says he, "by the means of closing in of common grounds, our archers, for want of roome to shoote abroade, creepe into bowling alleys, and ordinarie dicing houses, neerer home, where they have roome enough to hazzard their money at unlawful games."

To remedy these inconveniences, and give encouragement to this exercise, James, in 1605, directed his letters patent to the Lord Mayor, the Lord Chancellor, and several other eminent persons (including Sir Thomas Fowler, of Islington), alledging that divers persons about the city, possessing lands, &c. had taken away from the archers the exercise of shooting in such fields and closes, as, time out

out of mind, had been allowed to be shot in, by making banks, hedges, and plucking up the old marks, and making ditches so broad, without bridges, &c.; and directing these commissioners to survey the grounds *within two miles compass* of the city and suburbs as used to have marks, and be used for shooting, and to reduce the same to proper order and condition, as in Henry the Eighth's time.

Charles the First appears, from the dedication of a treatise, intituled, " The Bowman's Glory," to have been himself an archer; and, in the eighth year of his reign, he issued a commission, similar to the above, directed to the same persons, and empowering them to prevent the fields near London from being so inclosed as to " interrupt the necessary and profitable exercise of shooting," and also to lower the mounds, where they hindered the view from one mark to another.

In 1628, was published, a small volume, intituled, " *Ayme* for Finsburie Archers; or, an Alphabetical Table of the Names of every Marke within the same Fields, with their true Distances, according to the Dimensuration of the Line, newly gathered and amended, by James Partridge." This book is dedicated, " to all that affect the famous exercise of Archerie frequenting Finsburie fields;" and in the preface are given " rules touching the use of the treatise," with general directions to archers in the pursuit of that exercise.

In the use of the bow, great dexterity, as well as strength, seems to have been requisite. The English archers made use of a very long bow; and, by stat. 33. Hen. VIII. persons of the age of twenty-four years were prohibited from shooting at any mark that was not distant two hundred and twenty yards. The longest distance between the marks in these fields appears to have been nineteen score, or three hundred and eighty yards, and the shortest from mark to mark nine score, or one hundred and eighty yards.

An anecdote is related of Topham, *the strong man of Islington*, who, happening to be at a public house to which the Finsbury archers resorted after their exercise, considered the long bow as a play thing fit only for a child; upon which one of the archers laid him a bowl of punch that he could not draw the arrow two thirds of its length. Topham accepted the bet with the greatest confidence of winning; but, drawing the arrow towards his breast instead of his ear, he was greatly mortified in being obliged to pay the wager, after many fruitless efforts.

Partridge, the author of the treatise just mentioned, seems to have been an eminent archer, and to have shewn no small degree of zeal for the exercise. His name is attached to two of the marks mentioned in his book (for they generally bore the name of the person erecting them); and he laments the decay of the art in most places save the city of London, where, as it would seem, archery was yet a familiar exercise, " as appeareth by the daily concourse of citizens, to their great commendations, in divers companies, in the convenient fields about the city."

During the grand rebellion, the practice of archery seems to have received no encouragement, but rather to have fallen into disrepute. Sir William D'Avenant, in a mock poem, intituled, " The long Va-

cation

cation in London," describes the shooting matches made between the attornies and proctors, who,

> "Each with solemn oath agree,
> To meet in Fields of Finsburie;
> With loins in canvas bow-case tyde,
> Where arrowes stick with mickle pride;
> With hats pinn'd up, and bow in hand,
> All day most fiercely there they stand,
> Like ghosts of Adam Bell, and Clymme,
> Sol sets for fear they'll shoot at him."

In 1682, there was a most magnificent cavalcade, succeeded by an entertainment given by the Finsbury archers, when the titles of *Duke of Shoreditch, Marquis of Islington*, &c. were bestowed upon the most deserving. Charles the Second was present upon the occasion; but the day being rainy, he was obliged soon to leave the field.

By a plan of the fields, representing the state in which they were in the year 1737, it appears that only twenty-four of these antient shooting marks were then standing; for, as archery fell into disuse, they became gradually obliterated and removed. However, so lately as the year 1746, a cowkeeper, named Pitfield, was obliged to renew one of them, by virtue of the last mentioned letter of King Charles I. on which the Artillery Company caused this inscription to be cut: "*Pitfield's repentance.*" And since that time, a brickmaker was compelled to make a similar submission.

Archery had now degenerated, from being the glory of British warriors, into a mere manly recreation. Finsbury fields were unfrequented by the votaries of this noble art; and the very name of archer seemed forgotten, till, in 1753, targets were erected during the Easter and Whitsun holydays, when the best shooter was styled Captain for the ensuing year; and the second, Lieutenant. Of the original members of this society there were only two living in 1783, viz. Mr. Benjamin Poole, and Mr. Philip Constable; both of whom had frequently obtained these titles. The Society of Archers has been long since incorporated with the Honourable Artillery Company, who, till within these few years, had a company called the *Archers division* attached to their corps.

WILD CATTLE IN ENGLAND.

FROM a late survey of the county of Northumberland, by J. Bailey, Esq. this species still to be found in Chillingham Park, belonging to the Earl of Tankerville, are the only remains of the true and genuine breed. Their colour is invariably white, muzzle black; the whole of the inside of the ear, and about one third of the outside, from the tip downwards, red; horns white, with black tips, very fine and bent upwards; some of the bulls have a thin, upright mane, about an inch and a half or two inches long: the weight of the oxen is from thirty-five to forty-five stone, the four quarters; fourteen pound to the stone. The beef is finely marbled, and of excellent flavour. At the first appearance of any person, they set off at full speed, and gallop to a considerable distance, when they make a wheel round, and come boldly up again, tossing their heads in a menacing manner: on a sudden they make a full stop, at the distance of forty or fifty yards, looking wildly at the object of their surprise; but upon the least motion being made, they again turn round, and gallop off with equal speed; but forming a shorter

shorter circle, and returning with a bolder and more threatening aspect, they approach much nearer, when they make another stand, and again gallop off. This they do several times, shortening their distance, and advancing nearer, till they come within a few yards, when most people think it prudent to leave them.

The mode of killing them at present is very different from what it was; instead of being shot by a marksman, who sometimes discharged his piece twenty or thirty times, wounding, and not killing the animal, by which he was rendered furious and mischievous, the park-keeper alone now generally kills them with a rifle-gun at one shot. When the cows calve, they hide their calves, and go and suckle them two or three times a day; and if any person come near the calves, they clap their heads close to the ground, and lie like a hare in form, to hide themselves. Sometime since, the writer of this narrative found a hidden calf two days old, very lean, and very weak: on stroking its head, it got up, and pawed two or three times like an old bull, bellowed very loud, retired a few steps, and bolted at the legs with all its force; it then began to paw again, bellowed, stepped back, and bolted as before; but knowing its intention, and stepping aside, it missed him, fell, and was so very weak that it could not rise, though it made several efforts: but it had done enough, the whole herd were alarmed, and coming to its rescue, obliged him to retire; for the dams will allow no person to touch their calves, without attacking them with the most impetuous fury. When any one happens to be wounded, or grown weak and feeble through age or sickness, the rest of the herd set upon it, and gore it to death. The wild cattle in Chillingham Park are believed to be the only kind in the kingdom, which have not been contaminated by crossing.

THEATRICAL SQUIBS.

THE novel introduction of horses on the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, has afforded a fine field for wits and punsters in the diurnal prints.—The following articles we have selected from many effusions of a similar nature, conceiving them to possess a considerable share of point and merit.

The Petition of the ancient and comical corporation of Farces, to the British Public,

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

That your petitioners have a prescriptive right to the occupation of the stage next in order to the higher and more honourable denominations of the dramatic art, Tragedies, Comedies, and Operas.

That in consequence of this prescription, your petitioners did, for many years, enjoy their said privileges unmolested, until the period of the governments of the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, under R. B. Sheridan, who did thereon tolerate certain Bulls; and of Covent-garden, under Harris and Kemble, who have far exceeded the misdoings of the said Drury-lane; and have most *mummingly* and *mountebankly* introduced divers *horses, tumblers, rope-dancers,* and *fire-eaters,* on the stage, against the statute of decorum in that case made and provided.

That in consequence of such introduction, your petitioners have, for

for *weeks* and *months together*, been deprived of their just privilege of amusing the public, while, for a series of *forty* and sometimes *fifty* nights, the same despicable display of equestrian abomination has been palmed upon the public, to their great detriment, and to the utter destruction of your petitioners.

That your petitioners, the *legitimate offspring* of the brains of the best writers this country ever produced, feel themselves especially aggrieved, inasmuch as they considered themselves the means, *delectando, pariterque monendo*, of correcting those levities and follies which were beneath the notice of their respected relations, Thalia and Melpomene; and that they thus acted as gleaners in the fields of absurdity, leaving no head of human absurdity unculled; and that this their *appropriate* and *essential use* is *annulled* and rendered *utterly* abortive, by the perseverance of the above Harris and Kemble in sanctioning, continuing, nay, it would appear *perpetuating*, the prancing of horses on the boards of a regular theatre, to the utter exclusion of your petitioners.

That your petitioners have heard with sincere satisfaction of the intended motion of Mr. Taylor, for a select committee to inquire into the relative advantages and disadvantages of a dramatic monopoly, in the hands of Patentees who so utterly misconduct their concerns, and look to the meeting at the Thatched House, lately held to determine upon the erection of a new Theatre, with well-founded hopes that, through the intervention of persons of real taste, spirit, and talents, your petitioners may be recalled from their present exile, and restored to their ancient rights.

Your petitioners beg leave to say, as for the above-mentioned Sheridan, that in consideration of his having done credit to their order, by the production of certain most ingenious and amusing afterpieces, they have pardoned, excused, and forgiven him, on the *express* condition that he never more repeats the above-mentioned enormity of bulls. But that Harris and Kemble having, in the *utter barrenness* of their brains, no atonement to offer for their most *unprovoked* and *gothic* attack upon our rights and privileges, we do most *cordially* and *solemnly* condemn the said Harris and Kemble, as *recreants* to true Dramatic dignity, taste, and feeling, and do esteem them no longer in the illustrious rank of our progenitors, Garrick, Foote, Murphy, and Colman, but consign them to the class of *jockies, stable-keepers, mountebanks*, and *buffoons*.

That your petitioners, though they suffered materially by the O. P. war, lament that public indignation *wasted* itself on an object so comparatively *trifling* as the occupation of a few private boxes by a certain description of wealthy idlers, esteeming that mischief, great as it was, *infinitely* inferior to the present endured by your Petitioners, who are, with our excellent and esteemed representatives, Liston, Munden, and other our well-beloved coadjutors, absolutely shut out from the performance of what is not *less our pleasure than our imperative duty.*

That under these circumstances your petitioners do humbly expect that you will, in your wisdom and humanity, take such steps in these premises as may relieve your petitioners from this their distressing predicament, and restore them and the drama in general to their proper

per place, and their appropriate functions, and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever make you laugh.

MELPOMENE'S WILL.

MELPOMENE late,
Had a pain in her pate,
Her body was all in a tremble;
Her silence she broke,
Then, sobbing, bespoke
Her sable factotum, JOHN KEMBLE.

"I give and devise
My tears and my sighs,
My racks mighty bravos to humble;
My poison and scrolls,
My daggers and bowls,
In trust to the following jumble:—

My sighs turn to neighs,
To litter my plays,
To gee-ho my tragedy speeches;
My bowls made for slaughter
To buckets of water,
My buskins to brown leather breeches.

DESDEMONA forlorn,
With a sieve full of corn,
Shall soften the rage of OTHELLO;
His jealousy check,
With a pat on the neck,
And whisper "So ho, my poor fellow."

In hiring my actors,
In spite of detractors,
Don't look to their features or eye-balls;
Ne'er guide your selection
By voice or complexion,
But give a high price for the pye-balls."

MELPOMENE died,
JOHN KEMBLE replied,
"I like the experiment vastly;"
So, booted and spurr'd,
He now trots in the herd,
Of MERRYMAN, PARKER, and ASTLEY.

THE Celebration of the Triumph of Mummery *over the legitimate Drama, consummated in the rejection of Mr. Mellish's Bill for erecting a third Theatre,* was commemorated at the *White horse Cellar* lately.—The Patentees of Covent-garden were seated at the top of a *horse-shoe* table, which was filled by the troop of equestrians. Several deputies from the provincial booths were also present—the Hottentot Venus was at a side-table, as the *smell of meat* affects her, being accustomed to live chiefly *on train oil.* The dinner abounded in all the delicacies of the season. The only novelties were a roasted haunch of a two-year-old filly, which Mr. Harris declared in his opinion to be equal to venison, and a fricasee of horse-beans, of which it was observed Mr. Kemble ate a prodigious quantity, upon a principle that they greatly improve the *wind.*—The wines were excellent, and in profusion, and the utmost hilarity prevailed. Amongst the toasts, we noticed with particular pleasure some highly *anti-dramatic* and *appropriate*——*Confusion to Shakespear,* was drank with three times three——the Four-in-hand Club, and success to them—May Riding flourish and Plays decay—The Veterinaria breaking, backing, and bitting—The Cause of *still vaulting* all over the world, &c. &c.—Two or three very ingenious sentiments were added by a fire-eater, whose name we could not learn. — *Monopolizing Patentees, and the Spaniards,* and *you may bring a horse to the water but you can't make him drink,* and many others equally good, which memory failed us to record. Upon Mr. Harris's health being drank, that gentleman got up and returned thanks, but in so low a voice we could with difficulty ascertain what he said—he adverted with great feeling to the O. P. war, which had considerably *embarrassed* him. He

He confessed he had long balanced between *tumblers and horses,* as a stimulus to public curiosity, but decided on the latter as the greatest and most monstrous novelty. At this period of Mr. H.'s speech Mr. Sheridan came into the room, dinner being *as usual completely over,* and his health being proposed to be given, he begged *for a short delay,* till he had taken a snack, which was immediately procured; during his repast he conversed with his usual affability with the Hottentot Venus on various topics—the modes of making love and war, and hasty pudding, in Africa, the size of their Theatres, the merits of their dramatic writers, and the amount of their national debt—to all which she answered in a way which astonished and delighted him; in return she expatiated on his transcendant abilities, and put into his hands a *manuscript Melo Drama, founded on the story of Aningait and Ajut,* which he, according to *immemorial* custom, *put into his pocket,* and promised to read *the earliest possible opportunity.* Mr. Kemble's health being now given, he rose, and in a speech, to which it is impossible to do adequate justice, embraced and elucidated a variety of topics—he treated with merited contempt the *squibs* and *crackers,* which had exploded against him in the newspapers—they called him *Marshal Neigh,* and sneered at his having confessed that he derives benefit from breathing a *horse-dung atmosphere* on the principles of the *immortal* Beddoes! but, supported as he was by the good opinion of the respectable society *(hear! hear!)* then present, and particularly distinguished by the countenance of one man, whose praise was fame, he suffered the clamours of the public to pass by him like the idle wind, unregarded—yes, said he, scandal had gone so far as to insinuate that my *predilection* for horses was such, that like Lord Monboddo's *original man,* I had determined to let my tail grow, and go on *all fours*—what, *then,* was the conduct of my dear, my highly-endowed friend—he got up in the great Council of the nation and openly declared the report unfounded, and that I had *all my life,* and *still* intended, to act *on my two legs*—what he further mentioned there on the subject of the *depravity of taste,* and the *vitiation of the minds of the higher orders,* and their absolutely *calling for* equestrian mummery as a supplement to the Drama, I can bear *ample* testimony to, having letters in my possession from no less than five Duchesses, eighteen Countesses, six Bishops' wives, and a great majority of the Ladies of the *lower* house, *insisting* upon the introduction of horses.—Under these circumstances, and so sanctioned, he declared his determination to persevere, and concluded a most animated speech with proposing the health of Mr. ———, who rose amidst the most rapturous acclamations. The particulars of this address neither our limits, nor indeed our talents, allow us to detail; the wing of genius has sometimes such a rapid flight, at one moment skimming the surface like the swallow and darting with inconceivable quickness at the minutest objects; at another, soaring like the eagle, and drinking intelligence from the fountain of brightness, that labouring attention toils after it in vain—suffice it to say, that he proved to demonstration that the public taste was *perverted,* but that no *blame* on that account was attached to the *Patentees,* who could not *avoid* pro-

producing what the public *called for*—the depravation proceeded not from the deficiency nor the size of the Theatres, but from the *degeneracy of the day*, from the vice and debasement and dissipation which grew with the increase of wealth, and so vitiated the minds of the *higher* orders, that they had no relish for more refined amusements. —It was under this impression that Tobin's charming play of *The Honeymoon* had been so long kept back from the *degenerate* public, and the production of an ingenious female writer recently taken out of the hands of the Acting Manager. After passing some observations on the nature and propriety of dramatic monopolies, he sat down amidst a thunder of applause. At this moment a *deputation* arrived from the Lyceum, requesting permission for the *Proprietors and Performers to walk round the table*, to prove that they had not by an alledged, but unfounded report of the desertion of their Theatre, been reduced to a state of *great debility by starvation*. This interesting procession was immediately admitted, on the motion of Mr. Parker, and we are happy to say, that from the plumpness of the company they appear to have lived during the whole season under a regimen of very good houses—they all received half a glass of wine and a pinch of snuff a-piece from the hands of Mr. Kemble, the Chairman, who congratulated them in very handsome terms on their good looks, and their *recent escape from damnation* in their animated defence of the *Americans*, against whom the public had nearly voted a *non-intercourse bill*.——Mr. Astley, senior, was greatly amused at the admirable imitation by Mr. Matthews, of *the Taylor riding to Brentford*, and Mrs. Bland gave universal satisfaction in the song of the *Horse and his Rider*. The President now retired, and the Chair was taken by Mr. Makeen, nor did the company disperse till a late hour in the morning. There was a good deal of talk respecting the formation of a Club for the *perpetuation of horse exhibitions at the regular Theatres*, and some resolutions were proposed, but the plan has not yet assumed a *tangible* shape—as soon as it does, the particulars shall be communicated.

BATTLE BETWEEN YOUNG BELCHER AND SILVERTHORNE.

THE match for one hundred guineas, and a subscription purse of fifty, betwixt Young Belcher and Silverthorne, took place on Thursday, the 6th of June, on Crawley Heath, not far distant from Copthorne, where Crib and Molineux contended. Young Belcher is well known as the most scientific man on the boxing list; and Silverthorne had beat Dogherty and Burn, and from his manner of fighting the former, his backer again matched him for this combat. He was considered a game resolute man, but his friends knew him a novice in science; yet his weight, and in-fighting, together with *game*, were much dwelt on. After a *parley* with the turnpike-gate-keeper, on the cross road leading to combat, respecting *tipping* the ring-maker his *poundage*, the ring was formed at Copthorne, on the spot where the former combat took place; but here some *natives* placed their waggons contrary to orders, and all the *flash rhetoric* of Bill Gibbons did not prevail on them to move, for they

swore they were natives and parishioners, and as good and great as any gentleman in the land, and to *slang* them, Bill moved his ring to the place of combat. Betting was 3 to 1 on Belcher; the seconds were Gully and Jones for Belcher, and Bill Gibbons and Caleb Baldwin for the Westminster Champion.

THE BATTLE.

Round 1. Silverthorne made play by attempting a stomacher at his adversary, which was well stopped, and repaid right and left on the mouth and temple, which produced an effusion of blood. The combatants disengaged, and Silverthorne hit about at the body, and was hit down.—No man was ever more milled in one round.—4 to 1 on Belcher.

2. Silverthorne, with timidity, arising no doubt from punishment in the first round, kept away from his adversary, but on retreating to the extremity of the ring, Belcher made play right and left, which told on the head. Silverthorne planted a slight blow at ill-judged distance on his adversary's throat, without effect, and he again was stopped, when Belcher patted his arm in defiance, and Silverthorne planted a good body blow, and he was repaid by a floorer.

3. Silverthorne bled like a sheep at the hands of an executioner, and Belcher's fists were perfect crimson. A slight rally took place, in which Silverthorne was punished, but Belcher threw away blows, and Silverthorne made two good stops.—Belcher missed a hit and closed, when Silverthorne threw him, but he was much weakened by loss of blood.

4. Silverthorne made a hit at the body, which was half stopped, and a smart rally took place, in the former part of which Belcher was evidently weakened, and his adversary had none the worst of it; but Belcher is always a strong hitter, and after putting in a blow, closing took place, and Silverthorne received a cross buttock, to use a technical phrase, enough to burst him.

5. Both evidently weak, but Belcher hit his adversary twice in the face with his right hand, which added considerably to the effusion of claret. An irregular rally took place, and Silverthorne fell.—Any odds, but no takers.

6. Belcher made a good right-handed hit at the head, which was well stopped, and he planted a tremendous right-handed body blow, which did not immediately tell, but Silverthorne fell in attempting to hit.

7. Silverthorne, in a most distressed state, appeared anxious to get a hit, but Belcher waited on him carefully until he rallied, and when staggering with failure of strength, Belcher hit him a violent blow in the throat, with which he went down with redoubled force, and never appeared again; he was, however, beat by not appearing in time, for on his second attempting to help him off the bottle-holder's knee, he fell prostrate, and was carried to a post-chaise. Belcher threw a somerset on winning, and rode to London on the box of a gentleman's barouche; but far different was the situation of the loser, who was assisted to bed. The battle lasted nineteen minutes.

REMARKS.

Belcher never had a finer opportunity of shewing off his pre-eminent science, not even with Farnborough. He fought cautiously, and had no difficulty at getting at his man when he chose with a *one, two.* Silverthorne is certainly a game

POINTER AND SETTER,

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game man, but whether the name of Belcher had impressed on him that sort of timidity, so contrary to his conduct with Dogherty, we cannot state. He made but one good hit during the battle, and instead of fighting a man like Belcher at the head, he was continually throwing away right-handed blows at half length at Belcher's body, which left the left side of his head open, and which Belcher, by his quickness, did not fail to take advantage of. Besides, he is too slow in hitting, and even when in, he fails in punishing. Gameness, in a man like Silverthorne, opposed to a man like Belcher, is in itself a failing, for it is sure to get a man of his lack of science punished.

POINTER AND SETTER.

THIS Plate is another of Mr. Howitt's Etchings of Sporting Animals, and makes the tenth of the series.

COCKINGS.

NEWTON.

IN the Race-week, a main of cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby, (Potter, feeder) and R. Legh, Esq. (Gilliver, feeder) for 10gs. a battle, and 200gs. the main, of which the following is a statement:—

Potter.	M.	B.	Gilliver.	M.	B.
Tuesday	5	1		3	1
Wednesday	2	1		5	1
Thursday	3	2		4	1
Friday	3	1		4	1
Saturday	4	2		4	0
	17	7		20	4

MANCHESTER.

In the Race-week, a main of cocks was fought between Thomas Scarisbrick, Esq. (Harrison, feeder) and Edward Rushton, Esq. (Gosling, feeder) of which the following is a statement:

Harrison.	M.	B.	Gosling.	M.	B.
Tuesday	3	6		8	1
Wednesday	3	1		3	1
Thursday	3	1		3	1
Friday	2	1		4	1
	11	9		18	4

ROWING MATCH.

ON Wednesday, June the 12th, Astley's Annual Prize Wherry was rowed for, by six watermen who had not won any of the donor's former wherries. The candidates were the following:—

Thomas Hicks, Bankside.
Francis Rolls, Lambeth.
William Collins, Temple.
Charles Martin, Bankside, (extra) in case any of the above men declined rowing.
William Ford, Horsleydown.
George Newell, Battle Bridge.
John Fashbrook, Iron Gate.
Edward Hamilton, Summer's Quay (extra).

They started about four o'clock from Hungerford, amidst a number of boats with gay company, and the first heat was won by Collins, Newell, and Hicks. They accordingly started again at five o'clock for the wherry, to row with the tide from Westminster-bridge round a boat off Cumberland-Gardens and back, on the Surrey side, turn the beacon facing Hungerford, and return through the centre arch of Westminster-bridge. Collins, who appeared the favourite at starting, kept the lead all the way, and won the boat. The contest afforded considerable amusement to the amateurs of aquatic sports.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT.

DR. Thompson, a celebrated physician in his day, and equally remarkable for the *slovenliness* of his person, could not endure the sight of muffins; and in his medical capacity always reprobated them as very unwholesome. On his breakfasting one morning at Lord Melcombe's, when Garrick was present, and a plate of muffins being introduced, the Doctor grew outrageous, and vehemently called out —"Take away the muffins!" "No, no," said Garrick, seizing the plate, "take away the *ragamuffins*!"

Two Irish labourers being at an execution of some malefactors on the new scaffold before Newgate, one said to the other, "Arrah, Pat, now! but is there any difference between being hanged here, and being hanged in chains?"— "No, honey," replied he, "No great difference; only one hangs about an hour, and the other hangs *all the days of his life*."

An Irish Counsellor having lost his cause, which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other Barristers were very merry on the occasion. "Well, now," says he, "who the devil could help it, when there were an hundred Judges on the bench?"— "An hundred!" said a by-stander, "there's but three." "By St. Patrick," replied he, "there were *one* and two *cyphers*!"

A Quack in the country, who professes to cure all disorders *gratis*, thus displays his *disinterestedness*—"Many guineas have been offered me, but I never take any money. Sometimes, indeed, *genteel* people have sent me small acknowledgments of *tea, wine, venison*, &c. Generous ones, small pieces of *plate*, or other *little* presents. Even neighbouring farmers, a *goose* or *turkey*, &c. by way of thanks!"

Anecdote.—A gentleman, who lately arrived in this country from North America, relates a singular anecdote of an English seaman, which he was a witness of. An American showman, exhibiting his wonderful *wonders* on the wharf of Philadelphia, among others exclaimed, "Here you will see the King of France and General Washington riding on horseback, and the King of England walking on foot, &c." An English sailor, who was passing by at that instant, pricking up his ears at the extraordinary degradation to which his Britannic Majesty was subjected by the showman, immediately exclaimed, "What's that you said about the King of England?" The showman repeated the sentence. "The King of England walking on foot?" muttered the seaman, "D—n my eyes then," said Jack, (kicking in a rage the showbox into the river) "*they shall all walk together!*"

Although one branch only of the Royal Family has been educated at an English University, it is

is supposed that, in compliment to him, all the Royal Dukes will be admitted *by degrees.*

A BILL has been brought into the House of Commons for *enclosing Great Snoring*, in Norfolk.—This measure must tend greatly to the *quiet* and *repose* of all the other counties.

HIBERNIANISM.—Some gentlemen, in a coffee-house, a few days ago, speaking of the present *influenza in the eyes*, a person, lately arrived from *Tipperary* assured them it raged much more violently in Ireland, and was attended with fatal consequences, for, to his knowledge, many people who went to bed well at night, *got up dead* in the morning!

EPIGRAM.

Tom drinks when he's dry to allay his thirst,
So thirsty is Tom, he'd drink till he burst,
Yet the liquor appears not his wants to supply,
For drink what he will, *his humour* is dry.

FULLER, in his Church History, says, that Henry the VIth was the first prince in Europe who ordered that the dissolute clergy should be burnt in the hand with a *cold iron!*

Mr. Cook's Partialities.—Since this celebrated Actor (so well known for his bacchanalian propensities) has been in America, he has been particularly desirous to visit the *Ale*-gany mountains; he had scarcely entered the *Gin-isee* country, ere he made a dead stop at the *sign* of the *Washington Head*, and could proceed no further. At one time he went some miles out of his road to visit the spot where the battle of the *Brandy-wine* was fought. The person most in his favour is Mr. Randolph, the Member of Congress, who moved and carried the repeal of the *liquor tax!*

EPIGRAM.

Says JOE, as he told a queer story in sport,
To WILL, whose credulity could not o'erleap it,
" I'll give you my word," but JOE cut him short,
" You'll *give* it I know, but I'd rather you *keep* it."

TRIP.

A FAT country Parson had a party to dinner a short time since: Upon the second course being served, a fine goose was placed opposite him, when seizing the knife and fork, and whetting one against the other, he exclaimed, with a smile of self-satisfaction on his countenance; " Now, then, whoever has a mind to say any thing to the goose, *here I am.*"

IT is well known that our fine narcissus, jonquil, hyacinth, and other roots, are annually imported from Holland, and that the ladies are in universal distress this year, from the impossibility of any importation, on account of the severe commercial restrictions of the French Emperor. This, being lately the subject of a tea-table conversation, Miss C. observed, shewed a *rooted* antipathy to us, in Bonaparte.

OF all the stratagems to evade a prosecution for the purchase of guineas, the following advertisement appears the most ingenious—

" *Lost Eight Guineas*—Whoever may have found the same, and will bring them to Mr. Solomon's, Old Jewry, shall receive *Ten Pounds Reward.*"

SPORT-

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

EDINBURGH Races commence on the 22d of July, when the King's Plate will be run for, and four fifties; also a Purse for the beaten horses, &c.—The following gentlemen are appointed Stewards, viz. Sir John Pringle, Bart. G. Hamilton Dundas, Esq. and J. Norman M'Leod, Esq.

EGREMONT Races, (first time for a great number of years) will be on the 9th and 10th of July, when two 50l. Plates will be run for. Also a main of cocks will be fought between the gentlemen of Cumberland and those of Lancaster.—The stewards are, Joseph Benn, James Lancaster, and William Colebank, Esqrs.

YORK August Meeting is fixed for the 19th of that month, when the King's Plate, three Subscription Purses, a 50l. Plate, and the Ladies' Plate, also several sweepstakes and matches, will be run for.—There are two Matches for Saturday before the Meeting.

Manchester Races.—On the night preceding this meeting, the stables in which stood the race horses of J. Clifton, Esq. were attempted to be broken into by three stout villains in rough top coats; but luckily their base designs were frustrated by the vigilance of the stable boys who slept in the stables. The rascals had broken open the outer door, but were prevented accomplishing their purposes, by a chain being placed inside the door.

BEVERLEY Race Meeting was thinly yet genteelly attended, and also the ordinaries; but the stand assemblies were graced with all the beauty and fashion of the East Riding. Amongst the gentlemen present we observed, Sir M. M. Sykes, Bart. General Vyse, Colonel the Hon. G. A. C. Stapylton, Colonel Torre, Mr. Acklom, Mr. Treacher, Mr. T. Duncombe, Mr. L. Childers, Mr. Boynton, Mr. F. Hartley, Mr. Bethell, Mr. Burton, Mr. Ombler, Mr. Uppleby, Mr. Best, Mr. Ford, Mr. Blaydes, Mr. Hotham, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Hall, &c.

J. W. Childers and T. Duncombe, Esqrs. are appointed Stewards for the year 1812.

WE are glad to find that there is a probability of bringing to merited punishment the villain or villains who lately poisoned the horses at Newmarket. Two Bow-street Officers apprehended a man on board a vessel at Pill, near Bristol, this month, under strong suspicion of being guilty of the diabolical act. We learn that the fellow had been in the capacity of an under-groom at Newmarket; and it is supposed that he has been impeached against by the man who is in custody in London on the same account.

MR. Barlow, of Middlethorpe, near York, has sold a colt foal, (own Brother to Pope and Nuncio) to Mr. C. Wilson.—They were got by Shuttle; dam by Oberon; grandam

grandam by Stride, out of Sharper's sister, by Ranthos.

Major Wilson's horse Bolter is matched against Mr. Shakespeare's Tumbler, for 100 guineas, at the next Newmarket October Meeting.

Sir John Shelley was the most successful better on the late Derby Stakes, bringing off the course of Epsom 9000 guineas, which he won upon that single race.

Lord Foley, it is said, withdraws from the turf after the present season, in consequence of his recent losses.

The Annual Witney Whitsuntide Hunt, on Monday, the 3d instant, was more numerously attended than usual. After 22 hours running, two fat bucks were killed.

Match against Time.—Mr. Platel started upon Peterborough Race Course on Tuesday, the 28th ult. at five o'clock, to ride his race of forty miles in two hours, for 100gs. which he performed in little more than one hour and forty-five minutes.

Archery.—OnTuesday, the 4th instant, fourteen Gentlemen Archers met at Richmond, to shoot for the silver arrow and other prizes. The arrow was won by Mr. Wilson, of Richmond, and the Lieutenant's prize by Mr. Stampter, of Darlington; notwithstanding the day was uncommonly windy, the archers displayed very great skill in shooting.

Nottinghamshire against all England.—Five Gentlemen of the Nottinghamshire Riflemen have challenged any five Gentlemen in England to fire five shots with ball, without a rest, at 200 yards, for 50gs.; and the third Nottinghamshire Local Militia have challenged any other Local Regiment, eight men a-side, five shots each, without a rest, at two hundred yards, for 40gs.

Fatal Duel.—A duel was fought on Bagshot Heath, on Thursday morning, the 13th instant, betwixt a Major Sneathe and a Mr. Walbrook, in consequence of a dispute at Windsor respecting a trivial bet on a sweepstakes at Ascot Heath Races. The combatants exchanged two fires, when Mr. Walbrook fell from a wound on the side of the head, and expired on the Friday morning.

Cricketing.—On Wednesday, the 5th inst. a grand match of cricket was played at Saffron Walden, Essex. The practice of this manly game, which had rather declined there of late, has again been revived to equal its former excellence. The match was between eleven of the old amateurs, and eleven youths who form part of a club. The old players had the advantage of four runs after the first innings, in which they displayed great science; in the second innings, however, the superior activity and skill of the youths, who are quite of the new school, were very conspicuous, and the match was won by the latter, having six wickets to go down.

On Wednesday, the 5th instant, and the following day, was played in Langley Park, Kent, the match of cricket, between the united parishes of Otham and Langley, against the parish of Leeds, which, after a most severe contest and fine play,

play, was won by Leeds by seven runs.

Brighton, June 12.—A match at the manly game at cricket was yesterday played on the Level here, between the cricketers of this place and those of Cowford. The latter were the victors, and six wickets to spare. Formerly, when the Prince countenanced the practice, the Brighton eleven were a match for all England, and the Mary-le-bone Club, more than once, were beaten by them, and reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the superiority of their skill. But as nothing flourishes in this part of the world but in the renovating rays of the patronage of the Heir Apparent, our cricketers had no sooner lost that fostering influence which could alone inspirit them to action, and give new energies to every effort, than supineness succeeded, and they, at last, in the gymnastic sports, dwindled and degenerated into their original insignificance.

Tuesday, the 18th, the return match was played on Oxendon Green, and terminated, two wickets in favour of Brighton.

Pedestrianism.—A farmer, at Harpledon, Oxfordshire, of the name of Bardon, undertook, on Thursday, the 13th instant, to go sixty miles a day for seven successive days, for a wager of 400gs.—The pedestrian, having done sixty miles a day, for six days, was unable to proceed on the seventh, and consequently lost his match.

A young man, in the neighbourhood of Wakefield, lately undertook for a wager, to hop sixty yards in twenty hops, and performed the task in seventeen with apparent ease.

Prize-Fighting. — The long-talked-of match betwixt Crib and Molineux is at length made for 300gs. aside; so that Molineux will have another opportunity of wresting the laurels of the enviable title of Champion of England from Crib. A considerable meeting of the principal amateurs took place on Saturday, the 8th instant, at Richmond's, by appointment, and 100gs. were staked in the hands of Mr. Jackson. The remainder of the money is to be made good on the 27th of July, or the deposit forfeited, and the battle to be fought on the 27th of September. In the articles it is expressed that the combatants are to fight upon a 25-feet stage, at half-minute time, excepting in the case where either may be hit off the stage, and then one minute's time to be allowed. The articles also express, that the combat is not to take place within one hundred miles of London, and the set-to to be at twelve o'clock. There was some little betting, at guineas to pounds, for choice of the men. Crib left London on the 21st instant, with Captain Barclay, for the latter's seat in Scotland, where he will be trained by that celebrated pedestrian.—It is a fact that Crib has made his will, and after having disposed of his *black diamonds*, &c. he has willed his flannel drawers and shoes, in which he will fight, to Molineux. Crib would have been backed to any amount, but the friends of *Mungo* would not venture more.

On Monday, the 27th of May, one of the most furious and prolonged battles ever witnessed took place on Yate Common, near Chip-

ping-

ping-Sudbury, Gloucestershire, betwixt John Neale, butcher, and W. Giles, yeoman, both of Yate. The combatants set to at twenty-five minutes past eight, and were separated by the intervention of the friends of each party at three minutes after eleven o'clock, having fought 137 rounds. Victory seemed to favour Neale towards the end of the battle, as Giles was completely blind.

A SANGUINARY battle was fought on Saturday, the 22d instant, in Wootten Wood, Bucks, betwixt —— Sweet, a boxer of some note, known in the country as the Bath waiter, and George Godsal, a bargeman, for ten guineas aside, and a suscription purse of the like sum. Sweet, a twelve-stone man, was opposed to an athletic man of fifteen stone, well-proportioned, and the science he possessed was not sufficient to stop the heavy blows of Godsall. He fought to a disadvantage a quarter of an hour, and was much disfigured; but he at length broke the jaw of his adversary, and in the subsequent round blinded one of his eyes. The contest was obstinately maintained three quarters of an hour, when Godsal was unable to appear again after a fall in a wrestle. The winner was taken off the ground in a gentleman's carriage, in imitation of the London school.

SPARRING.—The veteran George Maddox (the trial horse of aspiring young men in the *fancy*, who were eager to enter the list for fighting fame, from the days of Johnson and Ben to that of Jem Belcher) had a benefit on Tuesday, the 28th of May, at the Fives Court, which if not crowded, at least shewed that the veteran's former services were not forgotten. The pugilists who exhibited were Crib, Bitton, Powers, Richmond, and several others, amongst whom were Maddox and Caleb Baldwin, who gave that sort of amusement which convulsed the Court with laughter. Powers and Bitton gave a rare exhibition of fistic science, and as no rising pugilist is better initiated in the art of boxing, the amateur may conceive the treat afforded on this occasion, against a man like Bitton. A better set-to than that betwixt Crib and Richmond has seldom been seen, and together with these two, and some other exhibitions betwixt Blake, George Green, Young Crib, O'Donnel, &c. the company departed well satisfied.

THE beginning of the month died, at an advanced age, Mr. John Arnold, of Newmarket. He was formerly a rider for the Earl of Egremont, also for several other Noblemen and Gentlemen, and was allowed to be one of the first horsemen of his day. He rode Election, the winner of the Derby, in 1807, in a very masterly style.

ON Friday, the 21st instant, died, after a lingering illness, Mr. Francis Neale, many years an eminent training-groom of Newmarket.

LATELY died, at Springfield, near Lasswade, Edinburgh, in the 34th year of his age, George Cuming, Esq. well known on the turf, and owner of Harmless, Silvio, Monica, Harmonica, &c. &c.

CONVICTED, on Monday, the 17th instant, by the Rev. D. Lewis, Arthur Palmer, William Hughes, and John Hughes, forgemen, in the penalty of five pounds each, for

having destroyed, with a net, a quantity of fish, in a stream belonging to the Earl of Dartmouth, at Sandwell Hall, Warwickshire.

On Saturday, the 1st instant, Thomas Harris, of Witney, was committed to the County gaol for one year, by G. F. Stratton, Esq. for deer-stealing, in Whichwood Forest.

Thomas Barnes and Thomas Mill are also committed to Winchester gaol, for six months imprisonment each, for having carried away a fallow deer from Bell's Hut, in the New Forest.

Court of King's Bench, June 11.—*Jackson* v. *Boast*.—This was an action brought to recover 52*l*. 10*s*. being the sum paid to the defendant for a horse.—The circumstances were shortly these: Mr. Jackson, who is a respectable distiller in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, purchased the horse in question, under a warranty of his being sound, and gave for him 52*l*. 10*s*. It turned out, however, that he was foundered, and that his lameness rendered him what is termed an unsound horse.—Mr. Mills, of the Sommers Town Tavern, deposed, that he sold him to a man of the name of Fairclough, who was the agent and friend to the defendant, as an unsound horse, at least a horse that he would not warrant, and the defendant knowing that fact, notwithstanding sold him as a sound horse to the plaintiff. Other witnesses proved him to be an unsound horse.—On the part of the defendant, a host of witnesses were called to prove that the horse was sound, and to contradict Mr. Mills. But his testimony had more weight, and carried infinitely more probability with it than all the rest, and so his Lordship thought, and in recapitulating the evidence he stated so. The Jury, after a short consultation, brought in a verdict accordingly for the plaintiff—Damages, 52*l*. 10*s*. it being understood that the horse is to be returned.

A few days ago, a young pigeon, who had exhausted its strength in a premature flight, falling on the ground, a cat instantly sprang forward and seized it; when a cock, who observed the disaster, most gallantly rushed to its assistance, and treated the cat so roughly, that she was soon compelled to relinquish her prize, and act on the defensive. In the mean time the pigeon recovered strength, and regained the dove-cot, and in a few minutes the disgraceful retreat of puss announced the complete triumph of chanticleer, whose prowess was much applauded by the admiring spectators.—*(Caled. Mercury.)*

A tiger of the largest size was discovered last February in the environs of Buckturma, in Siberia, and killed by a Cossack. The memory of the oldest inhabitant cannot furnish another instance of this animal being seen wild in frozen regions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to G. M. for his communications, and are sorry the request contained in his last Letter, was received too late to be complied with.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE HUNTSMEN.

SEE, seated round the winter's fire,
The heroes of the chase;
See! many an honest heart is there,
And many a chearful face.

Friendship, amidst the jolly throng,
Their generous ardour leads,
And tunes the rustic huntsman's song,
Or tells of former deeds.

For now, when toils of chase are o'er,
With many a near escape,
To Bacchus, jovial god, they pour
The nectar of the grape.

For Bacchus gives fresh strength to all,
Fresh vigour to the mind,
And fills the wearied huntsman's hall
With luxury refined.

And while the bottle passes round,
Or jug of sparkling ale,
Each joins the merry, jovial sound,
Each tells his fav'rite tale:—

How Reynard pass'd the river's flood,
The valley and the mead;
How Basto check'd him at the wood,
Or Tartar took the lead.

Each tongue relates with ardent breath,
'Midst loud, applauding cries,
Who came the foremost to the death,
And gain'd the noble prize.

How Dick, the parson, jolly soul!
Did dash through thick and thin;
And Tom, the huntsman, reach'd the goal,
With Jack, the whipper-in.

But now they fill their glasses high,
While Mirth lights every face,
And toast with many a joyful cry,
"The champions of the chase!"

Eton. G. M.

THE ANCIENT MAN.

A SPECIMEN OF MODERN BLANK VERSE POETRY.

From Greave's Quisquilliæ, not yet published.

I Once beheld a very ancient man
Eating hog-puddings at his cottage door.
His galligaskins were of corduroy,
And waistcoat he had none. His tatter'd coat
A lonely button fasten'd o'er his breast.
Seam'd was his face with scars, and on his head,
Close shorn by time, he wore a woollen cap,
A small red night-cap of a reverend age.
Grey were his little eyes, and his sharp teeth,
Though dark of hue, and straggling in array,
Were nimble in their motion: as I pass'd,
His long hog-puddings vanish'd one by one.
A dog was near him, on whose shaggy hide
He wip'd his greazy fingers; and methought
A wondrous mortal was this ancient man.
I ask'd of him his history, and he
Did with a stern and alter'd countenance
Look steadily upon me, and reply—
"What's that to you."

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

WHENCE comes this keen, this cutting smart?
Why doth the tear unbidden start?
Why beats my sad, my sinking heart
Thus heavily?
Eliza, 'tis because I part,
My life! from thee.

Tost

Tost on the rude and foaming wave,
O'er which the howling tempests rave,
In distant climes I go to brave
The furious sea;
My doom, perhaps, a wat'ry grave,
Far, far from thee!

Oh! say, then, all on earth I prize!
Wilt thou my absence mourn with sighs,
And Heav'n invoke, with uplift eyes,
To speed my way?
Wilt thou?—but see, the signal flies!
I must not stay!

By storms that sweep the deep abyss—
By plighted vows—by all our bliss—
By this embrace—and this—and this—
Dear girl! be true!—
Remember Love's last parting kiss!—
Adieu! adieu!

THE WELCOME SUMMONS.

MONTALTO TO MATILDA.

(From the Second Edition of "Cottle's Fall of Cambria.")

THE Author is said to have written the following stanzas purely to imitate, if not surpass the harmony of the Italian.

Come Matilda, blooming fair,
Hear thine own Montalto call;
With the lark will we repair
To the loud rough waterfall.

Who can view the woodbine wreathe,
Lovely guardian, round the bower;
Who the early perfume breathe,
And not hail the balmy hour?

Now wand'ring thro' the meadow wide,
With the wood-note warbling loud;
Now by the clear meandering tide,
Gliding like a monarch proud.

Oh! who can view the yellow corn,
To the reaper bending low,
Or the ruby cloud of morn,
Nor the grateful heart o'erflow!

What with Nature may compare
To awake the lofty thought?
Nature ever new and fair,
Now to pomp of glory wrought.

Before the fervid noon-tide ray
Mark the air with quiet deep;
While yet the ruddy dawn delay,
And with dew the flow'ret weep;

All alone will we retreat,
Far from every prying eye;
And beguile the moment fleet
With delightful colloquy.

Come! improve the happy time,
While we think, the whole may fade;
In the morning hour of prime
Come, Matilda, blooming maid!

THE GIPSEY WANDERER.

'TWAS night, and the Farmer his fire-side near,
O'er a pipe quaff'd his ale stout and old;
The hinds were in bed, when a voice struck his ear,
"Let me in, I beseech you!" just so ran the pray'r—
"Let me in!—I am dying with cold!"

To his servant the farmer cried, "Sue, move thy feet,
And admit the poor wretch from the storm;
For our chimney will not lose a jot of its heat,
Although the night-wand'rer may there find a seat;
And beside our wood-embers grow warm.

At that instant a Gipsey Girl, humble in pace,
Bent before him his pity to crave:—
He starting, exclaimed, "Wicked fiend, quit this place!
A parent's curse light on the whole Gipsey race:
They have bow'd me almost to the grave."

"Good Sir, as our tribe pass'd the church-yard below,
I just paus'd, the turf graves to survey;
I *fancied* the spot where my mother lies low;
When suddenly came on a thick fall of snow—
And I know not a step of my way!"

"This is craft," cried the farmer; "if I judge aright,
I suspect thy curs'd gang may be near;
Thou wouldst open the door to the ruffians at night;
Thy eyes o'er the plunder now rove with delight,
And on me with sly treachery leer!"

With

With a shriek, on the floor the young
Gipsey Girl fell!
"Help!" cried Susan, "your child
to uprear!"
Your long-stolen child!—she remembers
you well,
And the terrors and joys in her bosom
which swell,
Are too mighty for nature to bear!"

ABSENT LUBIN.—A CANZONET.

MY mother bids me bind my hair
With beads of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbands rare,
And lace my bodice blue;
"For why," she cries, "sit still and
weep,
While others dance and play?"
Alas! I scarce can go or creep
While LUBIN is away!

'Tis sad to think the days are gone
When those we love were near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh! when none can hear:
And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead
While LUBIN is away.

MY BOTTLE AND BIRD.

From "Songs of the Chase."

A Plague on those mortals whom de-
mons bewitch,
To starve themselves living in hopes to
die rich,
Here goes the last guinea, I change it
with glee,
For my bottle and bird have more raptures
for me.
This takes away hunger, the other con-
spires
To warm me for Phillis with matchless
desires;
Then give me, ye gods, while existence I
court,
My bird of true Game, and my bottle of
Port.

When time calls to lead up the dog and
the gun,
To the stubble at day-break with Dido I
run,
There springs the brown covey, and round
as they fly,
With an aim ever fatal, bring down a
supply.
Returning, if chance throws a friend in
my way,
We talk of the pleasures and toils of the
day;
Then I press him sincere to partake of my
sport,
My delicate bird, and my bottle of Port.

'Tis wine, rosy wine, gives new comforts
to men,
Anacreon look'd plump at an hundred and
ten;
With the muse he could sport, as the
landscape he trod,
And compose his sweet lays, with the soul
of the God.
This theme still delightful, and pleasing
to me,
As the sweets of the Spring to the taste
of the bee;
Like the rosy brow'd bard, let me con-
stantly sport,
O'er the bird of true game, and my bottle
of Port.

RURAL PLEASURES.

From the same.

HAYMAKERS, rakers, reapers, and
mowers,
Wait on your Summer Queen;
Dress up with moss-roses her eglantine
bowers,
Daffodills strew the green.
Sing, dance, and play,
'Tis holiday;
The sun does bravely shine
On our ears of corn;
Rich as pearl,
Comes every girl,
This is mine, this is mine, this is
mine;
Let us die, ere away they be borne.

Bow to the sun, to our queen, and that
fair one,
Come to behold our sports,
Each bonny lass here is counted a rare
one,
As those in princes courts.
These and we,
With country glee,
Will teach the woods to resound,
And the hills with echo's hollow;
Skipping lambs,
Their bleating dams,
'Mongst kids shall trip it round,
For joy thus our wenches we follow,

Wind

Wind, jolly huntsman, your neat bugles shrilly,
Hounds make a lusty cry,
Spring up you Falconers the partridges freely,
Then let your brave hawks fly.
Horses amain,
Over ridge, over plain,
The dogs have the stag in chase,
'Tis a sport to content a king.
Soho, ho, through the skies,
How the proud bird flies,
And soaring kills with a grace.
How the deer falls, hark how they ring.

FROM LOPEZ DE VEGA.

By Lord Holland.

LET no one say that there is need
Of time for love to grow;
Ah, no! the love that kills indeed,
Dispatches at a blow.

The spark, which but by slow degrees
Is nurs'd into a flame,
Is habit, friendship, what you please:
But Love is not its name.

For love to be completely true,
It death at sight should deal,
Should be the first one ever knew,
In short, be that I feel.

To write, to sigh, and to converse,
For years to play the fool;
'Tis to put passion out to nurse,
And send one's heart to school.

TO COTTAGE CHILDREN.

GOD bless you, ye sweet little sons of the hut,
Why startle and run from your play?
Do the sound and the sight of a stranger affright?
Then surely but few pass this way.

Yet sweet is your cottage, that stands all alone,
And smooth is the sward of your vale;
And clear is each crook of the wimpling brook
That murmurs each moment, farewell.

And high are the hills that inclose you around,
Where your flocks ever peacefully feed;
And blue is the sky that attracts your young eye,
As it rests on the green mountain's head:

Here meek meditation might love to reside,
To silence and solitude given:
And calm as they glide, might the moments divide
Between her mild house and the heaven.

Dear children, but small is this valley of yours;
Is this all the world that you know?
Yet behind this high mound, lies a world without bounds,
But alas! 'tis a world full of woe:—

From the top of the hill, looking onward, afar,
The landscape may charm by its smile;
But approach it more near, it will rugged appear,
And lost is each scene with the toil.

Then quit not your cottage, ye sons of the wood;
And still of your valley be fond;
For what do you lose, but a myriad of woes,
By knowing not what is beyond.

Let the moss-cover'd seat, and the shade of the thorn,
Which were dear to your fathers be thine;
And the hut that now rears your infantile years,
Let its roof shade your hoary decline.

And sleep with your fathers—how soothing the thought!
When the suntide of life is gone by;
Give your clay to the sod, and your souls to the God
Who dwells in yon bright azure sky.

EPITAPH ON A SAILOR.

WHETHER sailor or not, for a moment avast!
Poor Tom's mizen-topsail is laid to the mast;
He'll never turn out, never more heave the lead;
He's now all aback, nor will sails shoot a-head;
He ever was brisk, and tho' now gone to wreck,
When *he hears the last whistle, he'll jump upon deck.*